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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FRENCH FINANCES

SISLEY HUDDLESTON summarizes the financial situation in France as follows:

I regret that I cannot in this article do more than pose the problem that is being discussed in all enlightened circles. Very briefly and roughly, France has this year to find at least 54,000,000,000 francs, and cannot possibly hope to raise in taxes more than 20,000,000,000. An extraordinary budget of over 3,000,000,000 is not balanced even on paper, while the special budget contains over 15,000,000,000 nominally recoverable from Germany. There is a public debt of 300,000,000,000. This year it is expected that subscriptions to treasury bonds will largely cover the deficit, and something may be received from Germany. But obviously France cannot live for long on loans. They must be consolidated, and then there must be some amortization. So far, it is proposed to launch a big consolidating loan in the autumn, to cut down state expenditure (including the abandonment of state enterprises and the reduction of the administrative staff), to stimulate the collection of taxes, notoriously inadequate, and not to impose fresh taxes unless they are shown to be absolutely necessary. It is possible by strenuous efforts to balance the ordinary budget.

But what of the pensions and reconstruction budget which must call for, say, 12,000,000,000 annually for eight years? Senator Cheron calculates that at the best five or six billions must be raised by loan every year, after Germany's contributions are reckoned. But cannot the German bonds be negotiated, and a capital sum thus be realized? More and more do I find opinion hardening against the selling by the Commission of Reparations of these bonds. They can be absorbed by the money markets of the world only to a limited amount, and probably enormous discounts will be demanded. France may prefer to keep them and to receive the interest and amortization funds from Germany each year, although an alternative scheme of issuing them with an Allied guaranty — a sort of international loan — is proposed. What is to be noted is that only the first 50,000,000,000 bear interest for the present; that is, precisely the sum offered by Germany. The remaining 82,000,000,000 will be scraps of paper of doubtful value. But nobody kicks any longer against the pricks. In my opinion it is a good sign that the financial position is being clearly stated: it is a return to reason and to realities.

Commenting upon the disasters which have befallen the *Banque Industrielle de Chine* and the *Société Centrale des Banques de Province*, said to have involved losses, according to the London *Morning Post*, of 230,000,000 francs for their shareholders, *L'Humanité* reports that the funds of these institutions were gambled away in hazardous speculations, particularly in rice and silk. This journal seems to welcome these events as confirming its pessimistic diagnosis

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of the business situation, and its Socialist prediction that French finance will speedily collapse. It says that France is witnessing 'the premonitory shocks which precede final bankruptcy.' However, there may be more Socialist theory than business judgment in these prognostications.

The chairman of the French deputation to the Congress of the International Chamber of Commerce in London reports the total number of unemployed in France to be about 200,000, which is not a high figure compared with the number in other European countries. More than 50,000 industrial laborers are estimated to have returned to agriculture during the past year. Within twelve months the country's output of iron ore has increased more than forty per cent. Agricultural production, which fell one half during the war, now nearly suffices for home-consumption. During the first four months of 1921 imports of manufactured goods — note that this does not include raw materials and food — dropped from 3,500,000,000 francs to less than 2,000,000,000 francs, while exports of manufactured goods rose from 3,900,000,000 francs to 4,500,000,000. But this has not materially increased the value of the franc, owing to the heavy foreign debts of France, to speculation, and to inflation.

Walter Duranty, the Paris correspondent of the London *Outlook* is not optimistic as to the strength of the Briand Cabinet. He says that there is a pretty general feeling in Parliament that the Premier's success in dealing with foreign problems 'is more superficial than real.' He reports that France is watching the Imperial Conference at London with alert attention. If the Dominion premiers are to dictate, or largely to determine, the empire's policy, what will be the effect on the Entente?

WAR'S AMENITIES IN TURKEY

Le Temps describes the outrages perpetrated by Greek irregular forces, and, it says, by Greek marines led by non-commissioned officers, in the Mussulman quarter of Ismid, a port on the eastern coast of the Sea of Marmora. Between June 24 and 27 about one hundred houses were burned and sixty people slaughtered. An American mission was protected by marines landed from one of our torpedo boats.

Rosalind Toynbee, writing from Constantinople to the London *Nation and Athenæum* in June, characterizes the Greek operations on the Marmora coast as 'a wholesale massacre of Moslems,' asserting that they 'equal in ferocity and intention the massacres of the Armenians in 1915, though on a far smaller scale.' Basing her estimates on her own observations as a relief-worker in this section, she says: 'Out of a Moslem population in this district — Yalova — of seven thousand, there remain barely fifteen hundred. . . . Out of sixteen Moslem villages, there are now only one and a half. The Yalova district is barely one quarter of the region concerned in this particular massacre; and, so far as I can judge, the numbers for the total region are in much the same proportion.' These massacres have been carried out by Greek irregulars, recruited mostly from the local population. This correspondent says that they were 'almost certainly armed by the Greek authorities,' and that she has seen their leaders in consultation with Greek regular officers. She adds: 'I do not suggest that the Greeks are more barbarous than the Kemalists; there is no doubt that the Kemalists behave very often in the same way.'

Describing conditions on the Greek front just before the recent offensive, Colonel Feyler, a Swiss correspondent,

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estimated the Turkish forces at about one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, with two hundred and twenty-eight cannon; though some of these forces were stationed at points too remote to count, either directly or indirectly, in the present fighting. The Turks have gas-shells, and apparently are in possession of new aeroplanes, presumably from the Bolsheviki. Most of the supplies received by Angora are landed at Black Sea ports.

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WAR ETHICS AND CHRISTIANITY

A SPECIAL correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung*, writing from Tokyo in May, says that the effect of the war upon Japanese thinkers has been the reverse of its effect in Europe. Instead of overturning old standards and producing mental confusion, it has encouraged a return to ancient beliefs and a new clarity of thinking. 'They gaze into the mirror of Buddhism and consider whether they did not fundamentally wrong their own native culture when they eagerly grasped at the mechanical civilization of Europe. To state it somewhat paradoxically, I might say Japan has become more Japanese. . . . There is a return to the old longing for Nirvana, to what we Occidentals are inclined to call passivity.'

This correspondent relates an interview with Baron Goto, an eminent physician who has distinguished himself in public life, especially as Governor of Formosa. He is now Mayor of Tokyo, in charge of the ambitious project for modernizing that city with pavements, sewers, and model tenements. The Baron could not comprehend how the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles were to be reconciled with the teachings of Christianity. He thought that Christ would be outraged by the Treaty were he to return to the world. Continuing, he observed: —

We Japanese have learned two great lessons from the recent events in Europe. Russia taught us one by its revolution; Germany taught us the other. We are discovering which is a good way and which is a bad way to revolt. Revolutions are inevitable in the life of a nation. The important thing is to turn them into useful channels. Neither Russia nor Germany has discovered that art. Had they done so, they would have reformed their system of education. In the same way that running water always seeks the deepest channels in its course to the sea, so will the impatience and violence of the people always seek the weakest points in a nation's laws and institutions. Those are the points we should seek to strengthen and improve. That is the task of the real leaders of the nation. I believe the method is to inspire the masses with a definite faith. A nation must have religion. A people must believe in God. . . . Asia's moral teachings seem to me about to acquire ascendancy over Christian morals, which have departed so far in practice from the common basis of truth, which both formerly possessed.

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A BRITISH OPINION OF MEXICO

THE chairman of the Mexican Railways Company, Limited, reported at the recent general meeting of the corporation in London, the results of his recent visit to Mexico to inspect its property. He was agreeably surprised with the state in which he found the latter. Under normal conditions he expected it to be completely restored and returning fair profits within two years. He considered conditions much better than in 1900, 1908, and 1910. 'Prosperity was apparent in every direction,' the population had largely increased, there had been a great uplifting of the lower classes, wages were high, employment was abundant, and the value of property was very high.' His observations were confined largely to Mexico City, Puebla, and Vera Cruz, but he believed there was a solid

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rural background for this urban prosperity. Farms and sugar-plantations had suffered seriously by the revolution, but the mines were working to their full capacity. He was favorably impressed by the new government.

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POLAND'S RAILWAYS

WE quote the following from the London *Statist:* —

The Polish railways, which suffered heavily during the war, owing to requisitions made by Germans and Russians and destruction in the course of military operations, have constantly been improved since they were taken over by the Polish Government. The Minister of Railways has given some interesting information as to their working. The rolling stock is being gradually improved and augmented, and large additions have been made, thanks to the Inter-Allied Commission in Berlin, which has recognized Poland's right to have 481 locomotives, taken by the Germans during their occupation of Poland, returned to her. Of these, 182 have already been incorporated into the Polish railway service. In consequence of this increase in the number of locomotives, it has been possible to regularize the traffic between Germany and East Prussia, and to augment considerably the number of passenger trains on all the other lines as from June 1. The output of the railway repair workshops increased by fifteen per cent in comparison with the figures of the last year, thus making it possible to increase considerably the total number of locomotives actually in use. In order to balance the railway budget, the staffs have been greatly reduced, and the freights have been increased by some one hundred and fifty per cent on the average, which will mean an increase of revenue of some eight thousand millions. The passenger-fares were increased by fifty per cent July 1. Many of the station buildings and plants, which were totally or partially destroyed during the war, have been reconstructed and put in operation, while others are nearing completion.

STINNES IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

CZECHOSLOVAK papers are discussing with some alarm and hostility the extension of Hugo Stinnes's activities to that country and its neighbors. As we recently reported in *The Living Age*, Stinnes has acquired a large interest in the Austrian metallurgical industries. This will enable him to supply fuel to the Austrian smelters, taking part of his pay in their products. He is reported to be negotiating for lignite deposits in the Carpathian district of Czechoslovakia, and for certain undertakings in Hungary, thus bringing the frontiers of his industrial dominion to the very borders of the Balkans. In conformity with his programme of accompanying his industrial acquisitions by a vigorous press propaganda, he has purchased several journals in this region. Fear is expressed that Stinnes's influence will seriously weaken the economic independence of the small states recently established in Central Europe, and bring them under the sway of German capital. However, the depression in the metal-working trades through this region, due partly to fuel difficulties, is likely to make any change welcome to the laboring classes, which promises a resumption of activity. In Central Bohemia alone 30,000 employees in the metallurgical industries are now idle.

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COLORED TROOPS ON THE RHINE

A CAREFUL inquiry has lately been conducted in the occupied districts of the Rhine by a commission appointed by the Swedish Christian Society. It supports in the main the views of those who maintain that the general level of conduct of the colored troops compares favorably with that of other units. At the time of the investigation, there were said to be 24,000 colored troops in

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the Rhine Province. The number has since been increased to 45,000. These forces are drawn from Northern Africa, Madagascar, and Indo-China, the number of full-blooded negroes being 'only a few hundred.' A summary of this report in *The New Statesman* concludes as follows: —

> From every standpoint France would gain by the withdrawal of colored troops. Such an act would allay an intense feeling of bitterness throughout occupied regions; it would remove from German propaganda a potent weapon for agitation, it would tend toward creating a peaceful atmosphere both in Europe and — where it is now so badly needed — in the French colonies.

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AN ANECDOTE FROM ALGIERS

A CORRESPONDENT of *Il Giornale d'Italia*, writing upon conditions in the French colonies, relates the following conversation with the wife of a high official in Algiers. In discussing the liberal policies of the French government, the lady said that much of the credit for what France had accomplished in Tunis was due to the great founder of the North American Republic. It happened this way. Some thirty years ago a Frenchman was sent to govern Algiers, who had lived for a long period in the United States and was an enthusiastic admirer of Washington. This governor recalled among the anecdotes told of the famous President, that, when he was asked on one occasion to outline to a delegation of pioneers about to depart for the Far West, the principles and measures likely to assure the prosperity of their infant colony, he replied: 'Leave things alone, and guide yourselves by circumstances.'

So this governor of thirty years ago adopted a similar policy in Tunis, allowing a large measure of liberty and self-direction to the numerous and varied native groups. His successors have followed his policy up to to-day.

THE SANCTITY OF THE ARMY

LIBERAL France is in arms against a bill which the government has brought into Parliament, making it a crime punishable by imprisonment and a maximum fine of 20,000 francs for anyone, 'in any manner or by any means whatsoever,' to utter or write words 'tending to divert soldiers from their duty,' or which may be interpreted 'as inducements addressed to third persons.' The word 'soldiers' is defined to include reservists living at home, and 'third persons' to include mothers, sisters, wives, and friends. Persons accused under the proposed law will be tried by summary procedure. In a protest against the law signed by Anatole France and Henri Barbusse, it is condemned as an attempt 'to stifle liberty of thought.' This protest, which is more moderately worded than the attacks upon the bill in the Socialist press, continues: —

> At a time when every license and encouragement are given to chauvinist and militarist propaganda, and when such propaganda is sure to receive official approval and active aid from government authorities, — in the early years of the peace, when our war-scarred veterans have returned to their firesides to find high officers, proved grossly incompetent and unworthy in active service, holding places of high honor, — it is proposed that any criticism, no matter how moderate or discreet, of our army system shall expose its author to long years of imprisonment and a heavy fine.

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OUR FAR-EASTERN NEIGHBOR

THE Japanese Crown Prince, speaking at a luncheon in Manchester during his recent visit to England, complimented the British people upon the attitude of placidity and the kindly spirit of moderation which they exhibited during the great industrial struggle in which the country was then

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involved. The London *Economist* questions whether calmness is not out of place under such conditions, heading its comment with the suggestive title, 'Placidity in Bedlam.'

At a recent meeting of the associated Chambers of Commerce of Japan, a resolution was adopted to the effect that, since the League of Nations was now in existence, all countries should take up seriously the limitation of armaments, and that Japan should conclude a disarmament agreement with the other powers, 'in order that international peace may be guaranteed and more energy devoted to industrial development.'

An unknown Japanese donor has recently given 3,000,000 yen — $1,500,000 — for 'suitable social-service work' among the cotton-mill operatives of his country. All that is known of this benefactor is that, like Mr. Carnegie, he considers it a disgrace to die wealthy.

Japanese investments in Korea have increased very rapidly of late. The amount of capital represented by the Japanese corporations in that country exceeds half a billion yen. Many of these enterprises are comparatively small ones, the total number reported being 669, of which 254 are trading firms and 160 manufacturing companies.

The housing shortage in Japan is illustrated by the fact that no less than 2000 families have applied for the 180 houses which the Tokyo municipality is now constructing.

In spite of the depression in Japan dividend rates continue high. The Fuji Spinning Company at its last meeting distributed 20 per cent to its stockholders, the Japan Spinning Company 25 per cent, and the Oriental Muslin Company 30 per cent, in addition to modest bonuses to employees.

It is significant of British opinion in the Far East that Mr. Robert Young, editor of the *Japan Chronicle*, and a veteran exponent of the sentiment of his fellow countrymen in that country, uses the occasion of an article in *The Contemporary Review* to denounce the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in most vigorous terms. He says it has aroused 'the deepest resentment in China and intense suspicion in America,' and that it is against the real interests of the British and the Japanese people.

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MINOR NOTES

PARIS papers report the death of Maria Nikoforova, a famous anti-Bolshevist partisan leader in the Ukraine. She was the widow of an officer who had been captured and killed by the Bolsheviki, and herself held the rank of colonel in the Ukrainian service. Her regiment was finally surrounded and captured. The story goes that three firing parties in succession discharged their rifles in the air rather than shoot her, after she had been condemned to death. However, the sentence was eventually carried out.

ACCORDING to the London *Statist*, the British boot-and-shoe industry was surely but slowly emerging from the recent period of unparalleled depression when the coal strike occurred. Probably the enforced idleness due to this strike will be followed by an active demand for goods as soon as the factories resume operations.

The government has carried its new tariff bill imposing a duty of 33⅓ per cent upon imported manufactures which come into competition with the products of so-called key industries, by a heavy majority. Amendments to limit the duration of the bill to three years instead of five were defeated.

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THE REPUBLICAN IN THE RUINS

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

From *The New Witness, June* 10
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IN one respect America is more historic than England; I might almost say more archæological than England. The record of one period of the past, morally remote and probably irrevocable, is there preserved in a more perfect form, as a pagan city is preserved at Pompeii. In a more general sense, of course, it is easy to exaggerate the contrast, as a mere contrast, between the old world and the new. There is a superficial satire about the millionaire's daughter who has recently become the wife of an aristocrat; but there is a rather more subtle satire in the question how long the aristocrat has been aristocratic. There is often much misplaced mockery of a marriage between an upstart's daughter and a decayed relic of feudalism; when it is really a marriage between an upstart's daughter and an upstart's grandson. The sentimental Socialist often seems to admit the blue blood of the nobleman — even when he wants to shed it; just as he seems to admit the marvelous brains of the millionaire, even when he wants to blow them out. Unfortunately, in the interests of social science, of course, the sentimental Socialist never does go so far as bloodshed or blowing out brains; otherwise the color and quality of both blood and brains would probably be a disappointment to him.

There are certainly more American families that really came over in the Mayflower than English families that really came over with the Conqueror; and an English county family clearly dating from the time of the Mayflower would be considered a very traditional and historic house. Nevertheless, there are ancient things in England, though the aristocracy is hardly one of them. There are buildings, there are institutions, there are even ideas in England which do preserve, as in a perfect pattern, some particular epoch of the past, and even of the remote past. A man could study the Middle Ages in Lincoln as well as in Rouen; in Canterbury as well as in Cologne. Even of the Renaissance the same is true, at least, on the literary side; if Shakespeare was later he was also greater than Ronsard. But the point is that the spirit and philosophy of the periods were present in fullness and in freedom. The guildsmen were as Christian in England as they were anywhere; the poets were as pagan in England as they were anywhere. Personally I do not admit that the men who served patrons were freer than those who served patron saints. But each fashion had its own kind of freedom; and the point is that the English, in each case, had the fullness of that kind of freedom. But there was another ideal of freedom which the English never had at all; or, anyhow, never expressed at all. There was another ideal, the soul of another epoch, round which we built no monuments and wrote no masterpieces. You will find no traces of it in England; but you will find them in America.

The thing I mean was the real religion of the eighteenth century. Its religion, in the more defined sense, was generally Deism, as in Robespierre or

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Jefferson. In the more general way of morals and atmosphere it was rather Stoicism, as in the suicide of Wolfe Tone. It had certain very noble and, as some would say, impossible ideals; as that a politician should be poor, and should be proud of being poor. It knew Latin; and therefore insisted on the strange fancy that the Republic should be a public thing. Its republican simplicity was anything but a silly pose; unless all martyrdom is a silly pose. Even of the prigs and fanatics of the American and French revolutions we can often say, as Stevenson said of an American, that 'thrift and courage glowed in him.' And its virtue and value for us is that it did remember the things we now most tend to forget; from the dignity of liberty to the danger of luxury. It did really believe in self-determination, in the self-determination of the self, as well as of the state. And its determination was really determined. In short, it believed in self-respect; and it is strictly true, even of its rebels and regicides, that they desired chiefly to be respectable.

But there were in it the marks of religion as well as respectability: it had a creed; it had a crusade. Men died singing its songs; men starved rather than write against its principles. And its principles were liberty, equality, and fraternity, or the dogmas of the Declaration of Independence. This was the idea that redeemed the dreary negations of the eighteenth century; and there are still corners of Philadelphia or Boston or Baltimore where we can feel so suddenly in the silence its plain garb and formal manners, that the walking ghost of Jefferson would hardly surprise us.

There is not the ghost of such a thing in England. In England the real religion of the eighteenth century never found freedom or scope. It never cleared a space in which to build that cold and classic building called the Capitol. It never made elbow-room for that free, if sometimes frigid, figure called the Citizen.

In eighteenth-century England he was crowded out, partly perhaps by the relics of better things of the past, but largely at least by the presence of much worse things in the present. The worst things kept out the best things of the eighteenth century. The ground was occupied by legal fictions; by a godless Erastian church and a powerless Hanoverian king. Its realities were an aristocracy of Regency dandies, in costumes made to match Brighton Pavilion; a paganism not frigid, but florid. It was a touch of this aristocratic waste in Fox that prevented that great man from being a glorious exception. It is therefore well for us to realize that there is something in history which we did not experience; and therefore probably something in Americans that we do not understand. There was this idealism at the very beginning of their individualism. There was a note of heroic publicity and honorable poverty which lingers in the very name of Cincinnati.

But I have another and special reason for noting this historical fact; the fact that we English never made anything upon the model of a Capitol, while we can match anybody with the model of a cathedral. It is far from impossible that the latter model may again be a working model. For I have myself felt naturally and for a long time, a warm sympathy with both those past ideals, which seem to some so incompatible. I have felt the attraction of the red cap as well as the red cross, of the Marseillaise as well as the Magnificat. And even when they were in furious conflict, I have never altogether lost my sympathy for either. But in the conflict between the Republic and the Church, the point often made against the Church seems to me much more of a point

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against the Republic. It is emphatically the Republic and not the Church that I venerate, as something beautiful but belonging to the past. In fact, I feel exactly the same sort of sad respect for the republican ideal that many mid-Victorian free-thinkers felt for the religious ideal. The most sincere poets of that period were largely divided between those who insisted, like Arnold and Clough, that Christianity might be a ruin, but after all it must be treated as a picturesque ruin; and those, like Swinburne, who insisted that it might be a picturesque ruin, but after all it must be treated as a ruin. But surely their own pagan temple of political liberty is now much more of a ruin than the other; and I fancy I am one of the few who still take off their hats in that ruined temple. That is why I went about looking for the fading traces of that lost cause, in the old-world atmosphere of the new world.

But I do not, as a fact, feel that the cathedral is a ruin; I doubt if I should feel it even if I wished to lay it in ruins. I doubt if Mr. McCabe really thinks that Catholicism is dying, though he might deceive himself into saying so. Nobody could be naturally moved to say that the crowded Cathedral of St. Patrick in New York was a ruin, or even that the unfinished Anglo-Catholic cathedral at Washington was a ruin, though it is not yet a church; or that there is anything lost or lingering about the splendid and spirited Gothic churches springing up under the inspiration of Mr. Cram of Boston. As a matter of feeling, as a matter of fact, as a matter quite apart from theory or opinion, it is not in the religious centres that we now have the feeling of something beautiful but receding, of something loved but lost. It is exactly in the spaces cleared and leveled by America for the large and sober religion of the eighteenth century; it is where an old house in Philadelphia contains an old picture of Franklin, or where the men of Maryland raised above their city the first monument of Washington. It is there that I feel like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all save he departed. It is then that I feel as if I were the last Republican.

But when I say that the Republic of the Age of Reason is now a ruin, I should rather say that at its best it is a ruin. At its worst it has collapsed into a death-trap or is rotting like a dung-hill. What is the real Republic of our day, as distinct from the ideal Republic of our fathers, but a heap of corrupt capitalism crawling with worms — with those parasites, the professional politicians? Looking again at Swinburne's bitter but not ignoble poem, 'Before a Crucifix,' in which he bids Christ, or the ecclesiastical image of Christ, stand out of the way of the onward march of a political idealism represented by United Italy or the French Republic, I was struck by the strange and ironic exactitude with which every taunt he flings at the degradation of the old divine ideal would now fit the degradation of his own human ideal. The time has already come when we can ask his Goddess of Liberty, as represented by the actual Liberals, 'Have *you* filled full men's starved-out souls; have *you* brought freedom on the earth?' For every engine in which these old free-thinkers firmly and confidently trusted has itself become an engine of oppression, and even of class oppression. Its free Parliament has become an oligarchy. Its free Press has become a monopoly. If the pure Church has been corrupted in the course of two thousand years, what about the pure Republic that has rotted into a filthy plutocracy in less than one hundred years?

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O hidden face of man, whereover
The years have woven a viewless veil,
If thou wert verily man's lover
What did thy love or blood avail?
Thy blood the priests make poison of;
And in gold shekels coin thy love.

Which has most to do with shekels today, the priests or the politicians? Can we say in any special sense nowadays that clergymen, as such, make a poison out of the blood of the martyrs? Can we say it in anything like the real sense, in which we do say that yellow journalists make a poison out of the blood of the soldiers?

But I understand how Swinburne felt when, confronted by the image of the carven Christ, and, perplexed by the contrast between its claims and its consequences, he said his strange farewell to it, hastily indeed, but not without regret, not even really without respect. I felt the same way myself when I looked for the last time on the Statue of Liberty.

RUSSIA'S DÉBÂCLE IN 1917

BY THE DUKE OF LEUCHTENBERG

[*The author of this vivid account of the break-up of the Russian army, after the Kerensky offensive of 1917, is a former officer of a Turkestan brigade of chasseurs, who served as an aide-de-camp of Tsar Nicholas II.*]

From *La Revue de Paris, June* 15
(Independent Political and Literary Semi-Monthly)

When the Great War broke out, I was in command of the First Battalion of the Preobrajensky Regiment of the Imperial Guards. Tsar Nicholas II had been colonel of this regiment when he ascended the throne, and was still its nominal commander. I had the honor to lead into battle this *élite* battalion, which headed the attack made on the first of August, 1914, near the city of Lublin. It was this attack that forced the Austrians of that sector to retreat. Later, I was in command of the reserve battalion of the same regiment. Subsequently I commanded the Twelfth Turkestan Chasseurs, from the retreat of 1915 to the end of 1916. During the latter period I was attached to the Tsar's suite as his aide-de-camp. It was in the latter capacity that I was intimately associated with the drama at Mohilev, and the Tsar's abdication.

I returned to the front later as a brigadier-general in the Seventh Division of Turkestan Chasseurs, where I remained until December 16, 1917. After we made our shameful armistice with Germany, and the soldiers were empowered to elect their own officers, I resigned, as I was entitled to do on account of my length of service, and retired to Kieff.

I trust my readers will pardon me for such a long introduction about myself; but these details are necessary to explain how I became personally familiar with the facts I am about to relate.

Up to the great retreat of 1915, which was due mainly to shortage of munitions, arms, and even soldiers, the old disci-

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plined Russian army fought our battles. But by the middle of September, 1915, this army had been almost exterminated as a consequence of its appalling losses during the continuous fighting of the previous summer, and its place had been taken by a poorly drilled militia, almost destitute of enthusiasm and disciplined morale.

When I took command of the Twelfth Turkestan Chasseurs, late in August, 1915, at a point a little north of Warsaw, — just as the retreat began, — it numbered about twenty-five hundred men. When the retreat was halted on the Niemen line, we were reduced to one hundred and fifty bayonets and five or six officers. Another regiment, commanded by one of my old army friends, had only sixty bayonets. During our retreat of two months, the Twelfth Turkestan Chasseurs had received but two hundred and fifty replacement troops.

Most of our artillery had been sent to the rear because we had no ammunition. We had to be very economical of ammunition even in firing the few guns still left at the front. We halted for days under the constant fire of German artillery, with no means of making an effective reply. We always retreated at night and in good order, only to be exposed to the steady gunfire of the enemy all the ensuing day. Although regiments were melting away rapidly, the length of line assigned them to defend remained practically the same. When my chasseurs had been reduced to six hundred men, they were still holding two kilometres of the front; and later in the retreat, when their numbers had been still further reduced, they were given a still longer line to hold. We had practically no reserves. In spite of all this, the enemy never broke our lines, and our army was able to reform and to fortify the position chosen for it.

How did we go about reorganizing our regiment? The Twelfth Turkestan was for a time commanded by a captain, every officer of higher rank having been either killed or wounded. It was reinforced by about eight hundred men collected from the rear. Most of these were refugees and marauders, who had been enrolled previously in quite different arms of the service.

A little later we began to receive very young recruits, from nineteen to twenty years old, who had received practically no previous instruction. These boys — for young Russians develop slower than young Frenchmen and Germans — were not strong enough for heavy trench-service or inured to cold and exposure. They lacked morale, and they received their military training practically under the fire of the enemy.

The convalescents from the old army who returned to us also exhibited signs of apathy and indifference. It was a common saying among them: 'Russians can do nothing against Germans.'

In the course of 1916, however, heavy reinforcements began to arrive. They were better trained, clothed, and equipped than the men we had been receiving just previously. They, at first glance, made an excellent impression. However, they belonged to the second class of reserves, — who did not properly belong in the active army, — or else were men previously exempt from military service. The latter had no stomach for fighting. For instance, after reviewing two new companies, of about five hundred men, I called for volunteers for scouting service. But a single man stepped forward, and he proved to be a veteran scout, who had been wounded and had just returned to the front.

During 1916 several incidents occurred which indicated the declining morale of the army, and the spread of revolutionary propaganda. Desertions were unfortunately facilitated by a line

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of hospitals and canteens, mostly supported by private charitable organizations, behind the front. Some of these institutions, it is true, courageously pitched their great tents right up near the firing-lines; but most of them were well toward the rear. Deserters found them a great assistance. They wandered like tramps from one canteen or relief-station to another, where they found food and lodging, and thus lived indefinitely in the zone behind the army. All our efforts to suppress this evil were unsuccessful. After the first revolution it grew enormously.

Two facts, of minor importance in themselves, were very symptomatic of the growing disorganization in our forces. The commissary on one occasion supplied us with lentils instead of peas. A soldier protested that lentils were fed only to animals, and his whole company refused to eat them. On another occasion, a sergeant, a man of great personal valor, twice decorated with the Cross of Saint George, who had just returned from a hospital after recovering from a wound, took advantage of his platoon being stationed at an advanced post, to desert to the enemy, accompanied by a Jewish soldier. A Polish soldier, whom he tried to persuade to join him, hastened back to inform us of his action, but too late. Before deserting, the sergeant left his decorations and his papers in the trench. An investigation showed that he had had previous communication with the enemy, and had obviously been worked upon while in the hospital.

The splendid *esprit de corps* of the old Russian army, where each regiment had its own history and traditions, often going back — as did those of the Twelfth Turkestan — to Peter the Great, was due in no small part to the officers' corps, which consisted of professional soldiers who, for the most part, had spent their whole lives with their units.

Most of the older officers, as I have said, were now dead, wounded, or prisoners. A few of the wounded returned to service during the winter of 1916. But every regiment was called upon repeatedly to supply professionally trained and veteran commanders for the new regiments, of which more than eight hundred were in process of organization. Meanwhile, we were literally flooded with young subalterns; a war-time product, graduated every three months from the numerous military schools organized for this purpose. Most of these young people had not the slightest experience in active service. They knew nothing of their trade, of handling men, of manœuvring troops, or of discipline. In many cases their morale left much to be desired. Of some sixty-five that our regiment received in 1916 not more than fifteen were competent. These were former reservist officers, not considered fit for active service earlier in the war, or else men promoted from the ranks — former sergeants and the like. We saved the situation by putting these reliable men in the critical positions. The common soldiers neither loved nor respected these young officers, whom they considered hardly their own equals, since they had been given shoulder-straps before their baptism of fire.

One day the battalion of the regiment that I commanded received a heavy contingent of some three thousand men recruited from the cantons of two different governments. Only three or four days later, before all the men had passed medical inspection, we were ordered to send immediately to the officers' school at Oranienbaum near Petrograd, all the former militia trainers and any other men having a common-school education to be found among them. I immediately reviewed the new recruits and interrogated each one carefully. Only eighty out of the

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three thousand possessed these very modest qualifications. In the course of my inquiry I convinced myself that many even of these were not qualified to take an officer's course. Not one of them had ever seen active service. Their previous military training was practically nil. Some presented themselves at the review in a state of intoxication.

In spite of everything the army was reorganized. It had radically changed in personnel, to be sure, but the ranks were again filled and we were well armed and equipped. Our artillery was in excellent shape and we had plenty of munitions. Everything was ready to move against the enemy simultaneously with our allies. But just at this moment came the revolution. The abdication of the Tsar and of his brother freed the peasants, who formed eighty per cent of the army, from their oath of allegiance. This was followed almost automatically by the débâcle.

I had left the front in November, 1916, and was attached to the Emperor's staff, while awaiting my appointment as brigade commander. This is how I came to accompany the Tsar to Mohilev. Leaving the Empress and the children, who were all down with measles, at Tsarskoe-Selo, the Tsar went down to Headquarters just at the time when the labor troubles broke out at Petrograd.

The garrison of the capital was composed of reserve battalions. These must not be confused with the old reliable regiments which were fighting just then in the distant region around Stochod. These reserve battalions often numbered five thousand men, with skeleton units of fifteen hundred more. Although a few supplementary officers and wounded or convalescent sergeants had been specially detailed to them, there were not enough officers to maintain order and discipline in this heterogeneous mass of militia exempts and semi-invalids. The total force in Petrograd and vicinity was about seventy-five thousand. Revolutionary propaganda was rife. The moment the revolution started these men took things in their own hands and went over to the Provisional Government and the Duma. Almost at once they proclaimed themselves the guardians of the revolution, and — what was the important thing for most of them — refused to quit Petrograd for the front. That soon aroused discontent among their comrades in the trenches.

At first, General Alexiev, Chief of the General Staff, who had replaced the Tsar as Commander-in-Chief of the army, ordered that no revolutionary propagandist be permitted among the troops. But he had to cancel this order on receipt of a telegram from Petrograd. Thereupon agitators descended upon our forces like a flock of locusts, bringing with them countless German spies and agents. They speedily wrecked the remnant of discipline among our naïve and uneducated private soldiers. They did not at first teach fraternization with the Germans, 'their brothers and comrades,' but they declaimed against the free Russian nation serving the imperialist designs of the Entente. The formula, 'All land to the peasants,' was spread among the troops, and helped to hasten the armistice. Every soldier was eager to get back to his village so that he might receive his share of the land.

Knowing as I did the peasants' minds, and kept at the front by force of habit and loyalty to the Tsar, though really wearied by the war, I saw what was coming. Great numbers of soldiers who had gone home to plant their fields delayed returning to the army. Next, our troops refused to fight an enemy for whom they felt no special hatred, since they hardly knew who that enemy was.

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Then came surrenders *en masse*, whenever the Germans advanced against our lines.

After having accompanied the Tsar on his sad journey back to Tsarskoe-Selo, I was ordered by him to continue to serve Russia under the new government. In June I was placed in command of a brigade of the Seventh Division of Turkestan Chasseurs, which included my former regiment.

One misconceived order followed another, and demoralization rapidly spread among the troops. This reached a climax with the institution of soldiers' councils. These councils were elected by the troops, beginning with the companies and ending with the Grand Headquarters. These committees assumed the right to prescribe punishments, to handle discipline, to regulate regimental expenses, to distribute rations, and to control arms, equipment, and munitions. I must do them the justice to say that, although their members were mostly revolutionary Socialists, there were many honest and well-meaning men among them. But their new prerogatives turned their heads. Constant friction arose between them and their old officers, especially officers who tried, or were suspected of trying, to ignore the councils or to control them. Personally, I got along fairly well with my committee, and found it of assistance in certain instances.

However, the first councils, which were elected for six months, were considered too strict by the voters. The latter began to protest and complain, and finally orders came from Kerensky to reduce the term of office, if I remember rightly, to three months. The result of the next election was to increase the number of Bolsheviki in these bodies.

This second crop of committees contained practically no officers, and adopted a very hostile attitude toward them. But even this did not satisfy the rank and file. They began to introduce the recall whenever they were dissatisfied with the rulings of a council. Thereupon the councils practically lost their authority, which was usurped gradually by secret cliques.

Kerensky permitted, not only political offenders but even common criminals, to enlist. The latter were required to state solemnly that they wished to atone for their crimes by giving their lives for their country. We had as many as twenty of these common criminals at a time in a single company. They made common cause with the disaffected elements, forming secret groups, which used terrorism to intimidate the better element. So the regularly elected soldiers' councils soon became mere figureheads, while the real power rested with these criminal secret gangs. This *sub rosa* organization rapidly extended to cover the whole army, furthering the interest, not only of the Bolsheviki, but likewise of the anarchists and the Germans. They modified and annulled orders which they did not like, even when the orders were drafted and signed by the regularly elected soldiers' councils. Under these conditions it was impossible to continue the campaign.

One day I was informed that the grenadiers of one company of my old regiment refused to take their turn in the trenches unless their grenades were carried out in a wagon. They said the grenades were too heavy to carry. I immediately went to the quarters of this company and summoned the members of its soldiers' council to inquire what the trouble was all about. I could see at once that the members were concealing something from me; the soldiers, while courteous and respectful, refused absolutely to do their turn in the trenches except under the conditions they had specified. As I was leaving the cantonment, I met one of my old chas-

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seurs, and asked him if he knew the true cause of the real trouble. He told me, *sotto voce*, that there was a secret committee of rascals, who evidently were receiving orders from some unknown organization, demoralizing the service as much as they could, and terrorizing those who attempted to resist. He said there were such committees in all the units of that vicinity, and mentioned to me two mysterious crimes of which I already knew, where old sergeants had been killed by 'spent bullets' in a tract of forest well behind the firing-line.

Soon a more serious case arose. I was in temporary command of the entire division, when I received from corps headquarters an order to make important changes in the sectors assigned to the division and its constituent regiments. Following a precedent which I had adopted in order to avoid any misunderstanding with the soldiers' councils, I immediately summoned the colonels of the division together with their soldiers' committees, as well as the general committee for the division. The latter consisted of two or three almost illiterate common soldiers, who had to pass upon the tactical orders given by the division commander. Meanwhile I prepared two orders, practically identical in effect, but one of them very simple and easy of execution, while the other was more complicated and involved several important changes of cantonments. When my people had gathered, the chief of the divisional general staff read the two proposed orders. I explained in a few words what it was proposed to do, and the advantage of each order. I then suggested to the colonels and the committees to choose the one they thought best. Naturally they unanimously selected the simplest, which was approved, signed, and countersigned, and telephoned to the different units by the divisional soldiers' council.

The order was to be executed at eight P.M., but at seven P.M. the president of the divisional council came to me in great agitation, to report that one battalion refused to obey, in spite of the urging of its soldiers' council and of the head of the Socialist political club. The latter was a lieutenant-colonel in command of a regiment. He begged his troops by telephone to obey the order 'in the name of party discipline.' Nothing happened. The companies refused to move. I said to the president of the divisional soldiers' council that since my order had been countersigned by the committee, it was the committee's duty to take action. However, I counseled its members to inform at once the soldiers' council for the army corps, stating that I would simultaneously report to the commanding general of the corps.

The soldiers' council of the army corps sent an investigating committee the next day, which discovered that two unknown soldiers from a neighboring regiment had brought orders not to execute the manœuvre in question; and the incident ended there. The regular committee proved powerless in face of the secret committee.

Pacifists and German agents used the Reichstag peace resolutions of July, 1917, to persuade the troops that we must have peace at the first possible moment. Our Russian soldiers argued that since Germany had thus solemnly promised not to make annexations or levy indemnities, and to allow every people the right to choose its own government, it was useless to continue a bloody war merely to gratify the imperialist ambitions of the Entente. Alsace-Lorraine, Serbia, and Poland, were to decide their destiny for themselves. When I tried to persuade my men that Germany would never give up the territories it had taken, I invariably was told: 'But, you see, the Reichstag

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has passed a resolution in favor of peace.' This was the honest conviction of many and the bribed pretext of others.

The Bolshevist revolution in October completed the demoralization of the army. The persecution of officers reached a climax. All permanent rank was abolished, and officers were graded entirely by the positions they temporarily filled. Orders were issued to fraternize with the enemy; and not to attack him or resist his attacks. This paved the way for the armistice and peace. In order to rid the army of the 'old régime,' an order was issued that an election should be held on December 18, to choose new officers for the entire army. As I had been eligible to retirement long before this, I resigned a few days before the election was held.

In conclusion, let me recite a single remark made to me by the unhappy Tsar. One day, after his abdication, which he signed in the hope of preserving the unity of the army, which he loved and knew perfectly, he said to me: 'The Russian forces have never been better equipped than at this moment. But I fear the simultaneous offensive arranged by the Allies for this spring on all the fronts, will never come off.' Unhappily he was only too right.

ON THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY. II

BY RAYMOND RECOULY

[Last week we printed Jules Cambon's account of his experiences on the eve of the war, as French Ambassador in Berlin. This week we print a companion article, describing the experiences of his brother, Paul Cambon, who was French Ambassador to Great Britain at the same time.]

From *La Revue de France, July* 1
(PARIS LITERARY AND POLITICAL REVIEW)

THERE were really three critical days during the week before the war — days that we may call tragic. During those three days, the 31st of July, and the 1st and 2d of August, 1914, I was exerting every effort to attain an all-important object, but was never certain of the outcome. I knew perfectly well that England would eventually be forced to intervene in any war between France and Germany. But if the intervention came too late, it would be useless, assuming that we were already crushed. That was why immediate intervention was all-important. Now, for three days the decision upon which the safety of France and the destiny of the world depended hung in suspense. The scales of the balance alternately rose and fell, and no one could say which would outweigh the other. When I think back to those three days I feel as if they had lasted centuries.

You know how slowly public opinion crystallizes in England. They have a proverb in that country: 'John Bull must be kicked before he is roused.' It took more than one kick from Germany to awaken England. The ultimatum to Serbia came like a clap of thunder. For

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a time the British people failed to appreciate the gravity of the crisis. Events followed each other so fast that the public could not keep up with them. A majority of the Cabinet opposed intervention. Asquith, the Premier, appreciated that England must not repeat the error of 1870, and let France fight alone at the risk of being crushed. But he was not positive enough in making his private opinion felt. He was an old parliamentary war-horse, who wanted first to feel the pulse of his Cabinet colleagues and of the members of Parliament.

That pulse, let me say, did not beat very strongly. Winston Churchill, a man of aggressive, energetic temper and quick resolution, was an urgent advocate of intervention. He did us a great service, a service for which we can never be sufficiently grateful, in ordering, on his own responsibility, that the British fleet, which had just completed its grand manœuvres, should remain mobilized. He alone is to be credited with a measure which we now realize was of vital importance. When England, a little later, decided to act, her navy was ready to strike.

Sir Edward Grey, who was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, was a tragic figure. He has the soul of a philanthropist, of a pacifist. His generous, idealist disposition makes him attribute to others sentiments which he cherishes himself. During that terrible week two opposing impulses and convictions struggled for mastery in his heart. As Foreign Minister, receiving reports from all his ambassadors, he could not fail to see that we were drifting speedily toward war; as an idealist, he could not bring himself to speak a word or to do an act which might involve England in hostility. So there was a conflict in his own heart. He suffered acutely. He could not decide what course to take.

Lloyd George, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, was inclined from the first toward intervention. Several years before, when the Agadir incident was most acute, he delivered a vigorous address at the Mansion House, in which he served notice on Germany that her threats did not leave England indifferent. His bold declarations produced a salutary effect at that time in Berlin. But Lloyd George, with all his remarkable qualities, is temperamentally impressionable and mobile, very responsive to any influences brought to bear upon him. On July 30, an important deputation of city financiers called upon him at his office, and told him that England must not, under any circumstances, take part in the war which threatened. Such a war, no matter how brief, would inevitably plunge the world into financial chaos. The city men were right on that point. They insisted that the only way to save the world was for Great Britain to keep out of the conflict, and to become the great protector and economic savior of mankind. Thus the interests of the universe were discovered to harmonize remarkably with the private interests of England. Nothing pleases your typical Britisher more than to discover that kind of harmony; and he is inclined to find it even where it does not exist.

Lloyd George was deeply impressed by this visit and these arguments. His opinion veered around. During the two or three days that followed, the critical days I have just mentioned, he was not so strong a partisan of intervention; he hesitated, he shifted — and all this had its effect upon the Cabinet. The latter was meeting every day, without coming to a final decision, without saying the decisive word which might have halted the German government at the last moment in the course which it was taking.

We know now that war was decided upon at the famous council presided

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over by the Kaiser at Potsdam, on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 29. Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Chancellor, had hardly got back from it when he hastened to call upon Sir Edmund Goschen, the British Ambassador, and to propose to him a most disgraceful trade. He assured the latter that, if England would remain neutral, Germany would not annex French territory. Sir Edmund Goschen then asked him what would become of our colonies; whereupon the Chancellor refused to make any engagement regarding them. He said: 'So far as Belgium is concerned, the German army may be obliged to invade that country to repel a French attack.'

That very day I had an interview with Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office. He told me the situation was very serious, of which I was equally aware. He added that he was about to inform the German Ambassador that he must not misunderstand the friendly tenor of their conversation. 'The imperial government will be at fault if it concludes from this that we shall keep aloof from the conflict in case our efforts to preserve peace fail. But I believe it necessary to let you know,' said Sir Edward to me, 'that public opinion does not regard the present crisis in the same way that it did the Morocco crisis a few years ago. In that case a dispute had arisen where France was the party directly interested, and where Germany, in order to crush you, seemed to seek a quarrel over a question which had been made the subject of a special agreement between yourselves and us. The present dispute is between Austria and Serbia. Even if Russia should be involved, we should have a war between the Teutons and Slavs for supremacy in the Balkans, which does not concern us. If Germany and France take part in that war, we have not yet decided what our attitude will be.'

I replied: 'That is, you must confess, a very subtle distinction. Public opinion in France is calm, but determined. We expect hourly a demand from Germany that we remain neutral while she attacks Russia. We cannot make any such promise. We are obligated to help Russia in case she is attacked.'

The next day, July 30, I called again on Sir Edward Grey, and said to him: 'The peace of Europe has never been so seriously threatened. I do not ask you to tell me positively that you will intervene, but merely to inform me how you will act if certain circumstances arise: for example, if Germany attacks us.'

At the same time I showed him a report from my government, proving that Germany's military preparations were far more advanced than our own. 'I expect,' I added, 'that German aggression will take the form of a summary demand that we cease our military preparations, or that we remain neutral in case of a war between Germany and Russia. We cannot possibly promise either of these things.'

Sir Edward Grey replied that the Cabinet would meet the following morning, and he would see me the next afternoon.

When I returned the next day, I showed him at once a telegram which my brother had sent from Berlin. It contained this statement: 'The uncertainty here regarding England's action is encouraging the military party. If the British government is able to come out firmly in favor of Russia and France, Germany may decide not to make war.'

Sir Edward Grey replied: 'It is inexact to assume that we have left Germany under the impression that we will not intervene. I have refused any assurance to this effect.'

Naturally I asked him for a more categorical statement.

He replied: 'At the Cabinet meeting this morning we concluded that we could not give a formal assurance. We could

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not compromise Parliament in advance. Up to the present time we do not feel, and public opinion is with us in this, that we are bound by any treaty or obligation whatsoever to fight. Later developments may occur, which will modify this situation and force the government to decide in favor of war. The neutrality of Belgium may play a part — I do not say a decisive part, but an important part — in determining our attitude.'

I continued to urge the point, and repeated again: 'Will England come to our assistance if Germany attacks us?'

I got the same reply, or lack of reply: 'We cannot make a promise now.'

I then asked him if I could submit my question at a special Cabinet meeting.

He answered: 'The Cabinet will have to meet as soon as something new occurs.'

The next morning, Saturday, August 1, the meeting was held. I saw Sir Edward Grey the moment it was over. He told me again that after a careful study of the European situation the government did not feel ready to decide on war. He communicated to me this decision with a gravity that was almost tragic.

I replied with equal seriousness: 'I absolutely refuse to transmit such a statement to my government. I ask you to reconsider the question. It is impossible for you to let me telegraph such a report to Paris. In any case, I shall not telegraph. Consider all that we have done, all the proofs of our pacific intentions that we have given. In spite of the opposition of our General Staff, which is very properly alarmed by such a measure, we have gone so far as to leave our frontier momentarily unguarded, and to withdraw our troops three kilometres to the rear in order to avoid a clash. We have thereby abandoned to the Germans a portion of our territory where they can work their will. Our country is exposed to their incursions. The Channel and the Atlantic coast are in a still worse situation. The German fleet is liable to bombard them with impunity at any moment. A formal agreement between our General Staffs provides that, in order that Great Britain may concentrate its naval forces in the North Sea, France shall take over the protection of the Mediterranean. Our most powerful and modern war vessels are in those waters. We have no ships on the Atlantic coast and in the Channel capable of resisting the German fleet. Are you going to let Cherbourg and Brest be bombarded, when we have concentrated our navy at an inaccessible point in order to serve your interests as much as our own? And you tell me to-day that you cannot yet, in spite of the repeatedly proved provocations of Germany, in spite of that country's open preparations to violate the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg, give me the slightest assurance that you will intervene. I will not send such an answer to my people; for it will only fill them with rage and indignation. Although we have no formal alliance, are you not bound by moral obligations to support us, at least to lend us the protection of your fleet, since we have stationed ours at an inaccessible point at your advice?'

Our conversation ended with this. Evidently Sir Edward Grey was impressed by my words. My concluding argument, that it was a moral impossibility for England to refuse us the aid of her fleet, seemed to touch him particularly. But I knew that there was powerful opposition in the Cabinet.

These were the darkest hours of my official career. I multiplied my efforts. I insisted that naval coöperation at least was necessary. I realized that this was a weak point with England. But I was sure of nothing. I kept saying to

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myself, 'Won't they intervene until too late, when their help will do no good?' President Poincaré's beautiful and touching letter to the King of England could not fail to have a tremendous effect at those critical moments. I knew well the real sentiments of the British sovereign. I was perfectly aware that he personally believed that England should fight by our side. My doubt was entirely as to the action of the Cabinet. It was the sole master. So the King's reply, drafted by his ministers, was limited to the statement that the British Government did not yet know what course it would take.

First Germany, and then France, were already mobilized. War was certain; we might say it had already begun, since the Germans had repeatedly violated our frontiers. On Sunday, August 2, the Cabinet met again. It invited to its session one of the greatest financiers of the city, Lord X, for advice as to economic effects of the conflict. That noble lord has often assured me since then that he advised intervention; but I have every reason to believe the contrary. At that moment he shared the opinion of all his colleagues, that the English ought to keep out. So the session resulted in nothing. It was not until Sunday evening that Sir Edward Grey finally brought me the assurance I hoped. He told me that the government had at last decided to support France with its fleet. In case the German navy should attempt to pass the Channel at Calais, for the purpose of bombarding our coast, the British fleet would prevent that action and England would consider itself in a state of war with Germany. You may well believe that I drew a sigh of relief. I considered that our case was won. It was all over. No great country can make war halfway. The moment it had decided to fight a naval war, it had fatally obligated itself to fight also on land.

We must not forget the important part played in all this by the Conservative Party. At the beginning of this terrible week Bonar Law, the chief of the opposition, like the rest of the British gentry, was away from London. He was summoned by telegraph. An important meeting of the Conservative leaders was held at the residence of Lord Lansdowne. It was decided that the heads of the Unionist Party should at once inform the Prime Minister that, if the government decided to intervene in favor of France, the Conservative Party would support it wholeheartedly in the House of Commons. This was immediately communicated to Asquith. In order to give it more weight, Bonar Law submitted it to him in writing. That had a most happy influence. Asquith, once certain of Conservative support, immediately took vigorous action.

It may seem as if it took a long time to reach a decision. But we must not forget that England has a parliamentary government *par excellence*. The House of Commons, the House of Lords, and the general public were by no means prepared for such vigorous and rapid decisions. Events moved too fast for them; the country could not follow. Had the government been in too much of a hurry, it might have been defeated. In that case the situation would have been compromised, if not ruined beyond remedy.

This hesitation and indecision, so trying at the moment, which convinced Germany that England either would not intervene or would do so too late, had at least one good effect; it allowed the British people to make up their minds. When the government finally took action, an immense majority, in fact practically the whole nation, was behind it. The public knew that every means for conciliation had been exhausted, and there was no choice but to fight.

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A MEETING WITH NIETZSCHE

BY GABRIELE REUTER

[*This article by a well-known German novelist is taken in advance of publication from her latest book,* Die Geschichte meiner Jugend, *which is to appear this autumn.*]

From *Neue Freie Presse, June* 24
(Vienna Liberal Nationalist Daily)

In the early nineties we had at Weimar a little circle of passionate seekers after truth, who joyously tore to pieces every conventional scientific or artistic literary venture which came into our hands, until — in our eyes at least — it was stripped of all its value and charm. I must confess, we had enough justification for our intellectual iconoclasm. Unfortunately, the victims of our criticism were mostly unaware of our labors, if not of our existence, because we did not proclaim our achievments to the world, but enjoyed our keenness, independence, and merry cynicism within the seclusion of our own private circle. We were already mature enough to have left the illusions of youth behind us, but we had not yet arrived at that elder stage of experience, where we recognized that truth and falsehood are ascendant in eternal alternation, like day and night, and that there can be no existence and no culture without incessant compromises.

We were all ardent natures, utterly impatient with our decadent era.

My own first flight into the world had ended so unhappily that I had returned to the mother-nest humiliated and depressed. This fire of criticism with which my new friends played was for me like passing through a mental annealing furnace. Sometimes I felt that an evening in their company was like a session on the dueling ground, where steel flashed against steel and a man must have sure skill and a clear head to escape ridiculous defeat.

All of us were individualists of the first water. We had already tested every social theory and found it wanting. We honestly believed that we were developing our own promising personalities exclusively, when in reality we were merely passing through the typical evolutionary phases of our age. Since we were people of sensibility, we responded to every movement of the time, even in our Weimar retirement: We let the world's rising tides lift us to glittering heights, and then flattered ourselves that we had scaled them by our own strength.

Friedrich Nietzsche had become our God, around whom our minds revolved like planets around the sun.

I first became familiar with Nietzsche's writings in a most peculiar way, when I was at Munich in 1890. I had a letter of introduction to an elderly lady of the high nobility, who was living in an ultra-orthodox Catholic ladies' home. I discovered that she was one of those remarkable women whom you so often find in Germany, who manage, in spite of the narrowest intellectual surroundings, to attain broad culture and remarkable freedom of thought. They are a body of modern female pioneers, settled here and there in villages, small towns, and cloister-like institutions, who rise above their unpromising environment and apparent dearth of

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opportunity, and succeed in living a life rich in thought and intellectual experience. On the table of this poor old lady in a Catholic home lay *Zarathustra* and *Fröhliche Wissenschaft*. Here the lofty, lonely spirit of their author had found an ardent admirer and an understanding soul.

Nietzsche at once took possession of me in a marvelous way. For the first time since I began to study 'the moderns,' I was thrilled to the depths by a powerful poetic influence. Here a store of untold treasure was revealed to me — here were the portals to wonderful domains, where the colors, the fresh verdure, the bold contours of the landscape held me entranced. And the bright sun-saturated air of the South which bathed these landscapes! The fine purple mists of a deep mysticism, which cast a veil of glamour over their dim, distant heights, and made them seem the lofty seats of living Gods!

Above all, I felt that Nietzsche was the herald of the future — a sower of the seeds of a great coming harvest, of a new ethics, which would transcend individualism and yet inspire us to labor more diligently than ever for human weal.

Our little circle at Weimar consisted of persons of very different temperament, each of whom this many-sided, captivating enchanter influenced in his peculiar way. Since all of us possessed appreciative imaginations, each found his own reason for loyalty and paid honest reverence to Friedrich Nietzsche.

What a wealth of wit and wisdom was lavished during our endless discussions in the sumptuous mansions or modest villas, as the case might be, of our little group of scholars and writers. Each of us was lord of his own universe, centre of his own solar system, and defended his sovereignty as an individual with the most absurd and humorous arguments and the most daring conclusions. I recall especially Rudolf Steiner, — now the head of the anthroposophists, — who was then editing Goethe's articles on natural science. He delighted in presumptuous, unheard-of, baroque premises, which he enunciated and then defended with an astounding display of logic, science, bold conjecture, and paradox.

We all felt that we had left commonplace existence, with its bourgeois standards, far behind, and had reached the land 'beyond the realm of good and evil.' But it was not so easy settling down in our new country. We women, especially, had our practical problems. Steiner himself was struggling with privation, and even hunger. I sat night and day at the sick bed of my invalid mother, snatching a moment occasionally for my manuscript, where I hoped to justify myself at last in the literary world. It took four years' labor under the most discouraging circumstances to complete my novel, *Aus guter Familie*.

One evening Eduard von der Hellen, the trustee in charge of the Goethe archives, invited us to his house, to meet Dr. Kögel, whom Friedrich Nietzsche's sister, Elisabeth, had selected to decipher and prepare for eventual publication the unprinted manuscripts of the sick philosopher. I was invited to be one of a small party to visit Nietzsche's mother in Naumburg, where Dr. Kögel wished to read us passages from the manuscript *Anti-Christ*. It was a great opportunity for all of us, and we gladly accepted the invitation which he brought from the two Nietzsche ladies.

We were cordially received by old Mrs. Nietzsche, the pastor's wife, and Mrs. Förster-Nietzsche, her daughter. Their little house next to the old city wall at Naumburg was a typical, comfortable, old-fashioned clergyman's widow's cottage, and the simple elderly

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serving-maid, with her kindly loyal countenance, who opened the door for us, was in perfect harmony with the whole establishment.

The pastor's widow by no means showed her seventy years. Her brown hair betrayed no trace of gray, and her strong countenance revealed scarcely a wrinkle. She was seated at a burnt-wood sewing-table near the window, upon which was inscribed the text: —

'For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.' Friends had sent it to her as a token of sympathy, on learning of the severe illness of her son. How often had the tear-blinded eyes of the poor old mother rested on these lines! How often had her hands been folded upon them in prayer!

The daughter, Elisabeth, at once informed me of the difficulty she was in with her mother. The pious old lady believed it her duty — indeed a sort of expiation which might help her unhappy son in the life to come — to burn his godless manuscripts. When the daughter returned from South America, where she managed for a time the colony founded by her deceased husband, she had great difficulty convincing the mother that the works of a genius do not belong to his family, but to the world.

Finally, she secured control of the literary remains of her beloved brother. His writings were at this time preserved in a beautiful oak case, surmounted by a symbolical serpent and eagle.

How inconsistent is the human heart! The old mother, in spite of everything, was obviously proud because the fame of her great son brought many visitors to the house. They came from distant parts to visit her modest home, as pilgrims visit a temple within whose holy of holies a divinity sleeps.

Mrs. Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche, as she called herself thereafter, spoke freely and with great emotion — often with tear-filled eyes — of her dear brother. She suffered intensely from the thought that she could not be with him during his last days of struggle, just before the fearful tragedy befell him. No one ventured to tell her, what we all felt, that no sisterly love and forethought could have warded off his tragic fate.

She was an exceedingly feminine woman, what the French call *une femme très femme*. She was small, delicate, vivacious, though so short-sighted that she did not move about with freedom. She was one of those women whom every man feels called upon to protect and help, who inspire no confidence in their ability to help themselves, for whom a railway guard will hasten to open a compartment door, or manage things at a crowded ticket-window. And yet, with all her apparent helplessness and unfamiliarity with the world, she possessed a wonderful amount of energy and resourcefulness. She proved this by successfully publishing our model edition of her brother's collected works, a task for which the thinkers of the whole world are beholden to her. To-day, when Nietzsche is recognized both by his disciples and by his dissenters as one of the giants of philosophy and poetry, whose powerful influence over the younger generation is incontestable, it is hard to realize what difficulties this valiant little lady had to master. At first, it was almost impossible to secure the aid of scientific experts to decipher the almost illegible manuscripts. Professional scholars kept prudently aloof. Who could tell but that the connection of their names with that of Friedrich Nietzsche might pre-

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judice their academic careers? Funds were lacking for such an ambitious undertaking, and it took much courage and persistence to procure them. Now, when the Nietzsche papers at Weimar draw thither hundreds of enthusiastic pilgrims from every land in the world, and the gray-haired sister is venerated like a princess, she often speaks with satisfaction, and yet with a note of melancholy, of the little cottage in Naumburg where, on an afternoon which I shall never forget, Dr. Kögel read, in his sympathetic, emotional, youthful voice, the manuscript of *Anti-Christ*.

And whenever a pause occurred, we could hear from some neighboring room — an uncanny accompaniment to this bold, defiant hero's song, to the challenging irony with which a mighty intellect shook the very altars at which the world had prayed for centuries — a deadened growling and snarling, like the sounds made by a caged animal. It was Nietzsche who sat there, and no longer knew aught of his work to which we were doing reverence. Yet he was physically alive. I shall never forget that hour and the impression it made.

Then came the human, the all-too-human incident. While our little group listened breathless in rapt attention, the pastor's wife, who had withdrawn for a moment, returned, accompanied by her faithful maid, with a tray of wine, glasses, and bread and butter. Though her daughter motioned her eagerly to stop, she insisted energetically in fulfilling what she considered the obligations of hospitality. Her kind guests must not leave without a little lunch. There were revealed the souls of Martha and Mary, who disputed for the body and for the spirit of Christ — the age-old symbol, the eternal return of the identical.

We were all so unspeakably shaken by the reading of *Anti-Christ* that we agreed unanimously that the time had not come for its publication — that it would be prohibited, and thereby prejudice the rest of Nietzsche's writings, and possibly arouse a scandal, which must be avoided just then at all cost. We now know that we were mistaken. Rather remarkably, the publication of *Anti-Christ* was never prohibited, although there are few writings in existence which attack Christianity so bitterly and with such destroying effect — few which breathe such hatred. Nietzsche's lofty, pure ethics do not qualify this. It is a work in which he liberates himself by a mad struggle from the ardent, longing love of his youth. I, too, had just staggered with bleeding wounds from a battlefield where I had struggled with mighty spirits, where I had laid down many of the best years of my life; and every word pierced my tortured, pillaged heart, for whom its Saviour had become a myth.

Was I finding here a new and a sure guide?

As we departed, I heard again the low, suppressed snarling and growling.

Later, I frequently visited the little cottage alone. Mrs. Förster-Nietzsche soon became a close friend, so that we 'thoued' each other. I have spent happy days with her, which remain indelible in my memory. Had it not been for my invalid mother, who needed me, I should have been happy to aid her with the biography of her brother, which she had already begun.

I also heard Dr. Kögel read *Ecce Homo* from the manuscript — that thrilling soul-revelation, where the first premonitions of the author's approaching madness at times appeared, without, however, impairing his profound unveiling of the artist's faculty — the eternal truth that every artistic and creative mind is, in its act of creation, the centre of its own universe.

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I do not recall whether I was the one who introduced the painter Stöwing to the Nietzsche home, when he told me how he longed to paint Nietzsche. In any case, he had his wish; for the patient was temporarily better, and used to sit for long periods on the cottage verandah, in the shade of a green grape-arbor. It is thus that Stöwing painted him, the verdant shadows playing over the haggard countenance, lending to the latter a corpselike pallor. I saw the portrait in the artist's studio in Berlin, and was much affected by it. But Stöwing was not the man to catch and fix on canvas the ultimate, the overpowering forces, which slumbered in the background of this sick man's countenance.

Neither Nietzsche's mother nor his sister was satisfied with the portrait. The mother said to me indignantly one day, when I was calling, that her son looked in his picture like a pale man at the point of death, although in truth he had a glowing, healthy complexion, and no one would suspect his malady from his appearance. I was to judge this for myself. She would take me to her son, in order that I might form my own opinion.

I was startled and shocked. No visitor was ever allowed to see the invalid. If Mrs. Förster-Nietzsche had been present, I am certain it would not have happened this time. But she was away, and did not return till later.

I followed old Mrs. Nietzsche upstairs to the second story — I confess with trembling knees. The mother opened a door and entering the room called back to me: 'Come closer. He will not notice you.'

Opposite me, lying in a reclining chair, facing the door, so that I looked directly into his face, was Friedrich Nietzsche. I regarded for a moment the remarkably delicate and yet powerful, sun-browned features which rose above his immense beard, his sensitive, finely chiseled nose, his glorious forehead. His large eyes were fixed upon me with a fearfully intent, serious, penetrating glance. His pale, wonderfully modeled hands lay crossed upon his breast, like those of the carved figures on ancient tombs. I stood there trembling under his piercing gaze, which was riveted upon me as if flashing forth from some fathomless abysm of suffering. A moment later his eyes sank, half closed, and only their whites were visible, rolling blindly and horribly under the fallen lids.

'Come right in,' said his mother, who stood by his side.

A tremor of distress flashed across the corpselike countenance.

'No, no, mother. Enough, enough!' I heard a voice murmur, as if from the grave.

No power in the world could have prevailed upon me at that moment to disturb the peace of this slowly dying fighter for truth. I drew back, and it was some time before I could master myself enough to speak to his mother. His sister thought later that the reason he looked at me so intently was because it was the hour she usually visited him, and he was expecting her. To me his mind seemed infinitely remote from all human things, withdrawn into the depths of a fathomless solitude. Who will dare to say how much of the great unhappy soul still tenanted its decaying tabernacle?

That was the last time I visited the little home in Naumburg. I removed almost immediately thereafter to Munich; and for some years the circumstances of our lives separated me from many former acquaintances including Mrs. Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche.

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OXFORD, OLD AND NEW

BY FREDERIC HARRISON

[*The second Congress of the universities of the British Empire, held at Oxford early in July, gives special timeliness to Mr. Harrison's account of the changes that time has made in Oxford since he knew it as an undergraduate, seventy years ago.*]

From *The Times, July 5*
(Northcliffe Press)

In June, 1848, — *die Joan: Bapt.*, — I was elected scholar of Wadham; and in June, 1921, I came again to look at my old college, university, and city, and to meditate on the changes which more than seventy years have brought to all. Are they all changed so much? To the eye — in form — in rule — materially — yes! the change is, indeed, startling. Is it so in substance — morally — intellectually — spiritually? I am not so sure.

Seventy years ago, Oxford was a petty, quiet, beautiful city of the cathedral and historic order, the market town of a rich agricultural county. It has grown immensely — doubled itself rather in area than in population; has lost the air of a rural market town; has grown to be a big residential modern kind of villadom. When I first saw Oxford in 1848, there was really very little of new habitations outside the limits, say, of Hollar's sketch of 1643 — little of recent work outside of St. Giles, or of Magdalen bridge, or of the Castle remains. From Wadham there were open fields. Neither Parks, nor Keble, nor Manchester Colleges, nor Museum, nor Library. It was all country down to the Cherwell: no school buildings in the High-street — no Gothic or Tudor new buildings to the colleges. All additions to the colleges since my undergraduate days have greatly changed the look of Central Oxford. New College, Balliol, Christ Church, have thrown out vast new buildings, which will not amalgamate with the tone of the original for a century at least.

When I first saw Wadham, it looked what it really was — one of the later foundations, added on to antique Oxford outside the early wall. Now Wadham is almost the only college which still looks as it was founded and built by Dorothy Wadham three centuries and ten years ago. Almost every other college shows signs of enlargement, restoration, and modernity. And the vast new world of villas, halls, schools, and playgrounds, which encircle Oxford now, just as Hampstead, St. John's Wood, Battersea, and Wandsworth encircle the City of London, have, to the eye at least, entirely destroyed the tone of the old-world collegiate town we loved seventy years ago. It was then a city of reformed monasteries. It is become an expanse of agreeable villas. Where, oh! where is

> that sweet city with its dreaming spires?

It is there still — much changed by new Gothic enlargements, and quite engulfed in commodious residential avenues, such as we find in Cheltenham and Clifton. There is little dreaming in Oxford now. Men retired from Army or Civil Service, or busy with colleges, usually do themselves very well.

This huge growth of the city area,

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with its new population and business, with all the appliances of our up-to-date habits, has wonderfully increased the life of Oxford. In my time students worked within their own colleges; when they went out, it was in cap and gown, at least until afternoon. We went down to the barges to row in morning coat and hat, and put on flannels down there. For cricket we went to Bullingdon and Cowley in horse-breaks. Lawn tennis, of course, was not invented; the only parks were the grounds of Christ Church, Magdalen, and New College. On Sundays we walked 'in beaver' along the open roads to Headington, Hinksey, or Cumnor. To cross the Bodleian quad without cap and gown was to be fined. Our dinner-hour was 5 P.M., and we had to attend Chapel eight times in the week. Examinations for degrees were in classics and mathematics only. The Freshman to-day will say, 'Why! what smugs and mugs you must have been!' Well! I don't know. There were some good men who lived through it, and came out of it.

What a different Oxford does a college Rip van Winkle find to-day! The streets of the old city and the broad avenues for miles round it are whirling with cars, motor-cycles, and thousands of 'bikes,' whereon youths and girls, in most *dégagé* clothes, without hats and with more or less bare legs, rush from college to hall, from hall to school, club, union, or playground. The cycles are thousands: every college gateway, every lane or free space, is stacked with 'bikes' in serried ranks. One of the new by-laws for men and women is to go on wheels—even if only from Balliol to Christ Church. Hatless and capless, with salamandered necks, with flannel 'knicks,' or jumpers streaming in the wind, youth and maid rattle up and down, as if the University were a racing-track. Time was when Oxford called a man on a cycle 'a cad on castors.' To-day Oxford, male or female, lives on wheels. *Alma Mater* has joined the Rotarian Society.

At first sight the great change is that the University is no longer a monastery of unmarried men. In the streets the women seem almost as numerous, and quite as busy, as the men. In 1850 there were no married tutors and few married residents at all. Until the summer term one rarely saw, and almost never met, a lady. In 1921, to the eye, the University might be almost a bisexual mixed American college. It is not so in reality. The coeducation system is only in germ — perhaps only on trial. I offer no opinion about its success. Everyone must feel how greatly the colleges have gained by the marriage of tutors, by the various openings to the education of women, and by the complete elimination of the monastic ideals and formulas. The new learning, the new ways, the new dress, or undress, the new athletics, are no doubt all to the good. But is it necessary for youths and maids to tear about with bare heads, to be such hustlers, to be so very 'mixed,' to display so much of gastrocnemius muscle?

All this, however, is only as to externals. What is the real substantial change within? Without doubt, in seventy years the University as a centre of education has developed, expanded, modernized. In 1851 the official teaching was almost limited to the 'humanities,' the classics, philosophy, and a modicum of mathematics. In 1921 there is hardly a subject of human knowledge, hardly a single language of articulate and inarticulate men on this earth, which has not its own school, professor, and students. The Indian scholars, the Rhodes scholars, the women's halls, the non-university students, the intercollegiate system of lecturing, the great extension of out-college students, the infiltration of the

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modern-world life into Oxford, have created a profound revolution. Almost every term, now for years past, has seen a new statute, new rules of examinations, new professoriates, new languages, new degrees, so that the University is an organism in universal flux. Its curriculum has gone back to Heraclitus's 'All is flux.' Many think this organic evolution is being overdone. But in any case, no Continental, no American university can now boast of being more up-to-date than Oxford.

A hoary visitor who finds himself plunged into the whirl of young *post-bellum* Oxford, who reads through the *University Gazette*, with its incessant *amendments* to old statutes, with its new schools of science, English literature, modern languages, natural history, law, modern history, chemistry, medicine, music, poetry, agriculture, forestry, Indian and Oriental scholarships, and now Rhodes and Zaharoff traveling scholarships — after all this, he might think that Greek and Latin, the humanities, were snowed under and had been buried under indiscriminate neologies. It is not so really — at least as yet. Oxford may become what universities are abroad, but the old heart of the place remains much as it was — with the humanities, antique tradition, the culture, the *moral*, — the Church, — still dominant. Old Oxford may be said to have taken to itself a new partner — perhaps we ought to say a young wife. But as the central pulse of the higher English thought, manners, and ideals, it remains still the true nursing-ground. And it will so remain until English society is very much more democratized — and until Labor recognizes as education nothing but what will pay in material things.

It was a touching occasion to me the other day, at the *Entente Encœnia* of June 22, when I took my seat among the doctors, and compared the scene with what I remember of the *Encœnia* of 1852, when Lord Derby, being both Prime Minister and Chancellor of the University, presided at the ceremony which gave D.C.L. degrees to Disraeli, Lord Stanley, and half the Cabinet. Though that was almost seventy years ago it seemed to me but yesterday, as in a dream. The same secular Latin formulas, except that Lord Derby addressed his son as *Fili mi dilectissime!* — instead of *Vir egregie, præstantissime;* the same D.C.L. robes, with 'the hideous clash of colors,' *crimson* and *rose*, as Burne-Jones said when he had to walk about the town in his new disguise; the same crowd, the same gracious ladies, the same shouts, and the same inaudible prize compositions!

Ah! I was an undergraduate then, up in the gallery: we were a noisy lot, and bawled out rude jokes at the Doctors and rude compliments to the ladies' frocks. Last June, at any rate, the boys were well-behaved and silent. I came away, tired and rather bored. But I said: 'No! Oxford is not really changed. It is as ever the link between the old world and the new!'

The ceremony of this year was a rivet for our French alliance — for of the six Doctors, three were French — the first being Georges Clemenceau. He was hearty, jovial, and full of his fun. At the Vice-Chancellor's house I saw a good deal of him, and had the great pleasure of a quiet talk with him before the crowd began. I had known him in Paris in the old days, when J. Chamberlain, John Morley, and I met there, and were hot fighters for the struggling Republic. 'The Tiger' was quite himself at Oxford — without his claws, and beaming about his welcome from *Leo Britannicus*. Not only in the Sheldon Theatre was he received with roars of hearty applause; but as the traditional procession of the Doctors wound

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round from Exeter, through the Broad, to the Old Schools, the great French patriot was warmly cheered by the crowds which lined the streets. Really the G.O.M. of France quite enjoyed himself. He is wonderful, even with a bullet in his shoulder — one would take him to be hardly sixty.

One new development of the University is entirely approved by all. In my day, the theatre was taboo; everything dramatic was *verboten;* Thackeray was vetoed by the Vice-Chancellor as an 'entertainer.' Now drama is very much alive; and the serious study of presenting masterpieces, ancient and modern, is practically part of the training. I enjoyed *Twelfth Night*, played in the beautiful garden of the Warden of Wadham in the afternoon, under the trees, without scenery, stage, or orchestra — a true masque danced out in shrubberies and lawns. I never enjoyed it more than I did in sight of a college that was building in the lifetime of Shakespeare, with the entire scene as it were a madcap frolic in the household of a great Elizabethan noble. Oxford may begin an era of hope for the British stage.

RUSSIA'S CULTURE UNDER THE SOVIETS

BY A. F. DAMANSKY

[The following sketches are taken from a pamphlet entitled, 'The Houses of Cards Built by the Soviets,' just published in Berlin in the Russian language. Its author is a well-known Russian woman writer. She is a recent refugee from Petrograd, where she taught in Soviet schools and worked in various public institutions.]

'THE Unified Labor School' — that is what the Bolsheviki proudly call the system of education they have established in Russia.

This new type of school is a sort of amalgam, a welding together of all the types of schools that existed before. All the gymnasiums, the *realschule*, the institutes, all the private, municipal, and elementary schools, have been abolished, and their place has been taken by 'unified labor schools,' which are divided into the elementary classes, known as the first stage, and the more advanced classes, known as the second stage.

The former teaching personnel has thinned out very considerably. Many have died, many have been executed, many have fled to the villages and abroad. Of course, the number of pupils has also decreased. The population of Petrograd, for example, is now officially put at 800,000, and according to unofficial, and probably more correct, information, it is only about half a million. Nevertheless, there is an appreciable shortage of teachers, which has to be made up in every possible way. Usually those who have nothing else to do go into teaching. Women preponderate in the profession.

The main idea of the new schools is to bring up children in the spirit of proletarian class-consciousness, and to inculcate in them a proletarian ideology. The immediate object of education is to rid the younger generation of the bourgeois spirit. For this purpose great care is taken to mingle children from various

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social strata. Those who used to attend the gymnasiums, mostly from well-to-do educated families, have been moved to what were formerly municipal schools, attended by children from the lower classes. The parents are not given a right to choose the schools which their children are to attend. Nevertheless, it has been found most difficult to inculcate a really proletarian spirit in the higher grades. In order to promote this, special permission has been given to workmen to attend advanced classes as 'extra' students, even if they have not had any previous education.

The new schools are coeducational, following the American system, which is the outgrowth of long years of cultured life. In some places they copy American boarding-schools, with living quarters for the pupils. In this way, children from the streets, who have not received any moral training, thoroughly undisciplined, in many cases already corrupted, are suddenly brought into intimate social contact with children of refinement. By the end of the very first year of 'unified labor schools' many girls of fourteen and fifteen in these boarding institutions were found to be pregnant.

At Petrograd, during the past winter, the children came to school at nine-thirty. Since there were no janitors, or these neglected their duty, the first task devolving on the children was to bring in wood, start fires, and shovel away the snow. Sometimes the whole school would be taken to another part of the city, where there was a load of wood intended for this particular school. The children would haul this wood on sleds. The teachers either helped the children, or else gathered aimlessly in the 'teacher's room,' trying to get warm.

The first class-period usually began about noon. Returning from their work, excited and already physically tired, the children would throw themselves down on the benches just as they were, in overcoats and caps, and struggle through the studies of the 'academic hour,' that is, forty minutes. After that they all marched to the ill-kept dining-hall, where they received their lunch, consisting of a half-pound of bread and some millet gruel. After lunch there was another forty-minute period. The teachers, exhausted by undernourishment or cold, and by constant worry about their families, which can do little more than starve on the salary allowed them, also sat in their overcoats and caps, struggling through their class-work by main force. The second period ended the school-day, and the children were dismissed.

There was enough for them to do at home. They had to help their mothers chop and carry wood, if there was any left, or hunt for some if there was none. They had to carry water up the tenement stairs.

No home work is assigned the pupils. If such work had been given, none of the children could have done it. Homes which have electric light get current for about an hour or an hour and a half a day; and most of the time get no current at all. Kerosene and candles are not to be had. The people of Petrograd wander through their dark rooms in the evenings, like cattle in their pens. When an emergency arises, they burn kindling-wood for light. Mostly they go to bed at sundown; for after dark it is scarcely possible to take a dozen steps in an average Petrograd home without knocking against something.

Teachers are required to cultivate the interest of their pupils in the political life of the country. This means merely taking part in the numerous Communist festivals. Pupils welcome this kind of instruction, especially when the festival happens to be on a school day. Of course, they actually learn

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little when they come to school; but in any case it is much pleasanter to march through the streets with flags and music, than to sit in cold and dirty classrooms.

In the spring of 1920, when the British labor delegation visited Petrograd, all the children were ordered to march to the Uritzky Square. The pupils of the higher classes, where the bourgeois elements are still strong, were warned that, if they did not come, they would be deprived of their lunches for the following week. The Englishmen, no doubt, were impressed by the revolutionary enthusiasm of the Russian youth, who gathered to greet them as representatives of the British proletariat. In a similar manner the children were forced to parade the streets in honor of the Third International.

It is not difficult to predict the results of unified-labor-school instruction. Last year the number of graduates of all the secondary schools of Petrograd was 350, of whom 300 asked to be registered at the Army Medical Academy and only 50 at all other higher institutions. The reason for the popularity of the Army Medical Academy is very obvious. The course of studies has been reduced to three years. It is a great advantage to qualify as a physician in so short a period of time. According to the latest ruling, even this short course has been greatly simplified. The student immediately upon his entrance is asked to choose a specialty, and after that he is not asked to encumber his head with the study of the pathological conditions of any other organs of the human body. In the reformed, democratized medical school, a student specializing in the diseases of the eye will know nothing about lungs or kidneys, while a student specializing in therapeutics will not need to explore such out-of-the-way corners of science as the structure of the brain and of the nervous system. Only three years of study, and the specialist is an adept of proletarian science!

Conditions in the rural schools are still worse. They lack even the most elementary equipment. The teaching personnel is also very small. The privations of these teachers are indescribable. They live and teach in cold, dirty huts, for beggarly pay.

In making my escape from Soviet Russia, it was necessary for me to get from Petrograd to Pskov. I succeeded in obtaining an assignment from the Hertzen Institute to deliver a course of lectures on foreign literature at the summer courses for rural teachers in the latter city. This gave me an opportunity to see daily for a whole month a rather large group of teachers from different parts of the Government of Pskov. Their stories of the way they lived pictured an utterly inconceivable, bestial existence. Some of them, for example, told me that during the whole preceding winter they did not go out of their huts once, because they had nothing to wear except indescribable rags. Some had nothing to eat during the whole winter, save frozen potatoes and bread, without a particle of sugar or fat.

It is easy enough to see how much energy, enthusiasm, and joy these prematurely aged men and women bring to their teaching labors. And the summer courses at which I lectured were just as much a house of cards as the other 'constructive work' of the Soviet régime. Both the lecturers and the students received starvation rations. The minds of all were on the one problem of food. The lecturers' thoughts were far from their lecturing, the listeners' thoughts still further from the topic under discussion.

A strange picture was presented last winter by any university lecture-room. At the place where the rostrum was supposed to be, there would be a person wrapped in nondescript clothes and

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rags, as if he had prepared for a far-off polar expedition. This would be the professor. In front of him, on the benches, there would be five or six, rarely ten or twelve, students, in tightly buttoned coats, hats, and goloshes.

Not only the professors, but the students also, receive a salary. That is a special inducement for them to come and study. But neither the seven thousand rubles they receive every month, nor the food-ration, consisting of a pound of bread of mysterious ingredients and a handful of millet seed, is enough to feed them. They are young, they must eat. So they go to work — teach wherever they can. And, of course, they all go into 'speculation.'

The salary given students and their special food-ration are proudly termed by the Bolsheviki 'social insurance.' But in reality they are just as much a house of cards as the whole institution of 'social insurance' itself. A half pound, or three quarters of a pound, or, in the best of cases, a whole pound of inedible bread, a handful of millet seed, at rare intervals, a piece of herring, and a cold, filthy, dark, lice-ridden corner for a home — these can save no one.

Nowhere else on the earth to-day are entertainments and concerts so plentiful as in Petrograd and Moscow. The theatre, the ballet, all forms of music, are like opium or hashish, which the Soviet régime uses to conceal its own spiritual sterility — with which it anæsthetizes the masses to endure its crude Communist surgery.

Actors, singers, and musicians have been mobilized. At the State theatres performances are given only for soldiers, sailors, and members of the trade-unions. The Alexandrinsky Theatre is open to the general public for an admission price only on Sunday evenings. The Marinsky Theatre is open in the same manner twice a week. Other theatres are obliged, at the first demand of the government, to discontinue the sale of tickets and shut their doors to the general public. Places of amusement are always full, and soldiers' and sailors' blouses predominate at every performance.

It is impossible to describe the way plays are produced nowadays. There is no canvas or paint for the scenery — no way to replace the costumes and furnishings that have worn out or have been stolen. Not many actors and singers remain on the heights of their old artistic standards. Many have succumbed to the demoralizing influences under which they work; for the theatres are now run by men with very little appreciation of art or even education. So actors show a distinct tendency to descend to the artistic level of the 'street,' which now fills the theatre, rather than to lift the masses to their own cultural level.

There is no spiritual sympathy between actor and audience. Still less is there the inspiring enthusiasm that lends wings to the work of stage performers. The crowds that pack the theatres consist of hungry, wearied men, women, and children. Their cry for bread is stifled by threats. Entertainments are provided for them to still their craving for food. This condition of the audience cannot but affect the work of the artists. It is now impossible for them to improve their voices, to perfect their acting, to deepen their talent. They work as they can, to give the least and get the most.

Singers and actors known to all Europe are compelled to appear at several entertainments the same evening. There are no cabs or automobiles, and trolley-cars stop running at six o'clock, or even earlier. So special trucks are provided to carry the artists from one smoke-filled theatre to another. In the summer, when it is still light during early theatre hours, it is

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possible to see almost any evening a truck crawling slowly down the street; it cannot run faster because its engine is partly disabled. It is filled with the former idols of the Russian capital, the pride of Russian art. Among them you note Ershov, Akimova, Bosse, Cherkassky, Makletzova, Smirnova, Vill, Luckom. Their faces betray their fatigue and irritation. No doubt, it is not the first time that evening that they have been thus transferred from one theatre to another. Here is another truck. In it you discover Vedrinsky, Domasheva, Brian, Leshkov. Where are they being dragged now? It was in just this way, in the time of serfdom, that peasant-musicians were shipped from one landlord's estate to that of his neighbor.

Actors permit themselves to be dragged thus from one theatre to another because it brings them extra piles of colored paper — so necessary if they and those dear to them are not to starve.

Equally tragic is the lot of painters. They have nothing to paint on, nothing to paint with: no canvas, no colors. Those who get these have no place to work, for their own living quarters are too cold and cramped. And to this is added the constant, soul-extinguishing thought of food; and the eternally corrupting question: 'How much will we get?'

This question may be read always in the eyes, and heard from the lips, of scientists, professors, famous singers. 'What will they give us?' That is the opening phrase of every conversation — and its closing chord.

Worst of all, most tragic of all, is the fate of writers. By the first anniversary of their régime, the Bolsheviki could already boast that their cultural work in this field was done. There was not a newspaper, a magazine, a publishing house left, except those which the Soviet government owned and controlled. Not a periodical to write for! No opportunity to print! Only an author can understand the tragedy of these words, only a person who lives for his writing, for whom it is just as essential to write as to eat or breathe. In Soviet Russia, the writer, the poet, the man of letters is like a prisoner chained in his cell. He is robbed of his most elementary need, the freedom of travel. In order to go ten versts out of Petrograd, you have to spend weeks in different Soviet institutions, begging for permits. Recently even a finger-print system has been introduced. The writer has no opportunity to get new impressions. A realization that he is cut off from the rest of the world encloses and stifles him like prison-walls.

Every time a theme is born in the writer's mind, every time an artistic image rises before him, every time words begin to string themselves into periods, this sentence of doom sounds in his ears: 'That cannot be written. What if there should be a sudden search? They might hale you before the Extraordinary Commission for that!' For the government's motto is: 'All who think different are anathema.' Therefore the inspired words die away, the image disappears, the theme fades into nothingness.

Literary talent is like a spirit in a cage, like thought bound with fetters. It loses faith in itself, languishes, and finally expires.

Besides all this, the writer, the poet, must at any hour of the day, in the midst of his hopeless composition, be prepared to dig trenches, shovel snow, clean the streets. I have before me two orders. The first reads as follows: —

'By order of the Commander of Internal Defense in Petrograd, the House Committee of Poverty informs you that you have been assigned for work in building the defenses of Petrograd

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for this afternoon, November 2. Report at one o'clock to the 30th Ward, 59 Pushkarsky Street.—*To A. F. Damansky.*'

The second order is still more laconic. It reads: —

'The list of those mobilized for the second shift on November 20 at house No. 19, Karpovka, is as follows: 1. *E. M. Dmitrieva.* 2. *A. F. Damansky.*'

And we reported there. In obedience to those orders, we attempted to dig the frozen ground. We went through the farce of pretending to excavate trenches, which looked like anything under the sun but trenches. With amazement we listened to the absurd orders given by the engineers who directed the farce; and we wondered, almost incredulous, at the open hypocrisy they exhibited. But we followed these instructions, knowing as well as the engineers that at the best our 'trenches' would no more than hold back a herd of small pigs trying to raid a near-by orchard.

Yes, writers are forced to clean streets, load garbage on trucks, shovel snow. Their labors do not help matters appreciably; but scores of writers, teachers, professors, forced thus to toil at unaccustomed tasks beyond their strength, have fallen ill and have been called forever from their appropriate work — and no substitutes can be found to take their places.

CONTROL OF THE LIFE-CYCLE. II

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

From *The English Review, March–June*
(Independent Liberal Monthly)

Professor Arthur Keith has recently made the interesting suggestion that the difference in racial type, as seen for instance between the white, the yellow, and the black races, is due to alterations in the balance of the various glands of internal secretion. By this means, too, he seeks to explain the occasional appearance in white races of individuals of a Mongolian cast of face where no admixture of Mongolian blood can have occurred.

We shall return shortly to the question of the glands of internal secretion. Now let us for a few moments invade another field, the field of diets and food-substances and their effect on growth.

As most people know by now, the established classifications of foodstuffs is into proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and mineral salts. The carbohydrates include the sugars and starches; they resemble the fats and oils in being built up out of the three elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, but differ from them in the proportions of these various elements. The proteins, on the other hand, contain nitrogen in addition to the other elements named.

By a rough analogy, the human body may be compared to the engine of a motor-car. It derives its energy from the combustion of fuel, and it utilizes that energy by being constructed in a special way. To keep the engine working, you must not only supply fuel, but also repair the parts as they wear out. So in the body: the carbohydrates and

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fats are for the most part utilized simply as energy-fuel, while repair of the tissues, which are constantly in need of a small amount of renewal, is provided for by the proteins. While the animal is growing, conditions are somewhat different; for not only must the old living machinery be repaired, but new molecules must be continually laid down. Until a very few years ago, the matter had not progressed much beyond such very general notions. Now, however, we are beginning to know that that was far from all. To start with, all proteins are by no means equally good for maintenance (as simple repair is usually called) or for growth. Further, a wholly new class of food-factors has been discovered, without which growth and life itself cannot continue. These are the so-called vitamines.

It is as well to know at the outset that nobody yet knows what a vitamine is, chemically; nobody has yet succeeded in isolating one. We know, however, what they do, and where they occur; and that is already a great deal. As usual, the matter has been approached by two convergent roads. In the first place, certain diseases were found, in the slow course of years, to be associated with deficiencies in diet. The best known of these is beri-beri, which was traced to its source through the observation of a Dutch doctor in Java. This was the chain of evidence: (1) Beri-beri was common in the asylum under his charge; (2) the fowls in the asylum yard were fed on the patients' leavings; (3) these same fowls developed a disease very like beri-beri; (4) the patients' diet consisted very largely of polished rice.

It was eventually shown quite clearly that rice from which the husk and the germ had been removed by milling and polishing was deficient in a something which was christened vitamine, and that a long-continued diet of such rice led to the development of beri-beri. Supplying the vitamine again, in any form, leads in a wonderfully short space of time to recovery.

This side of the matter does not concern us so much. What is of interest is the fact that it takes some time for the polished-rice diet to produce the symptoms of disease. In other words, a balance is gradually upset.

It is the effect of vitamines on growth that is especially interesting to us. Our knowledge of this chapter of biology we owe largely to Professor Hopkins, of Cambridge. He discovered that, if a diet was made up of protein, carbohydrate, fat, and salts, all chemically pure, young animals — rats in this case — would not grow on it, although it contained ample substance both for energy and for repair. They not only would not grow, but soon lost weight, and died within a week or so. The addition of an apparently negligible quantity of milk, however, — a mere two or three cubic centimetres a day, — restored the animals to health at once.

The substance lacking in the original diet was what is now generally called fat-soluble vitamine A.

Through the vitamines we are introduced to a new class of food-factors — substances which, though absolutely necessary for growth, for health, and for continued life itself, need yet be present only in infinitesimal quantities to produce their effects. That this discovery has not been without far-reaching and important results is shown by the fact that not only beri-beri, but also two other widespread diseases, scurvy and pellagra, have been shown to be caused by an analogous deficiency of diet, and to be therefore preventable; and now Dr. Mellanby, working at the Lister Institute in London, has made it more than probable that rickets, which especially interests us as being a

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disease of growth, is due to the same cause. For instance, dogs fed only on separated milk, bread, and linseed oil developed all the symptoms of rickets; while those whose diet contained cod-liver oil, or butter, in place of the linseed oil, grew and throve normally. Rickets (like slums) is a by-product disease of our type of civilization. It should now be possible to wipe it out within half a century at the utmost.

Meanwhile, other workers, notably Osborne and Mendel in America, had been investigating the properties of single pure protein substances, as tested by feeding them to rats and mice, both growing and mature, as the sole protein constituents of an otherwise adequate and ample diet. The proteins are themselves very complex substances, and are built up out of a number of less complex units, each containing nitrogen, hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen, and known as amino-acids. Some proteins are deficient in some amino-acids, others in others. Some of them are correspondingly able to support life for an indefinite time, others are not.

Various most suggestive facts have emerged from the investigation. To start with, it has been shown that some proteins, such as zein from maize, will not by themselves support life at all. Many others, such as edestin from hemp-seed, though capable of maintaining a growing animal in health for a very considerable portion of its life, are yet somehow, in the long run, inadequate. A long period of health and growth is followed suddenly by a sharp loss of weight and premature decay, which can be arrested at once by placing the animal on a normal diet containing several proteins, but otherwise leads inevitably to death. To this upsetting of the balance we shall return.

Then we have the startling fact that certain substances will suffice to keep a grown animal in health, but will not permit of growth in a young animal. Gliadin, a protein derived from wheat-kernels, of which it forms about forty per cent of the protein content, is such a substance. Grown rats or mice fed with this not only continue active and healthy, but are capable of reproduction. Normal young rats may be born on this diet, and will grow actively as long as they are being suckled by the mother. But if, after weaning, they are continued on the same diet, growth ceases at once. Regarded as a chemical factory, — as every organism can, under one aspect, be rightly regarded, — the adult rat is obviously working in a different way from the young. The young animal cannot manufacture some substance which is missing from the make-up of gliadin. But once this substance has been manufactured in sufficient quantities, and growth is over, there has somehow been introduced into the organism a new bit of chemical machinery, which is capable of so transforming the gliadin as not only to make the missing substance in amounts adequate to keep the tissues in repair, but to nourish a litter of growing young, both before and after birth. That the chemical processes going on in a growing animal are different from those in the same animal when growth is over, is clearly a fact on which there hinge immense new possibilities, alike of knowledge and of control.

This property of gliadin has been utilized to produce another and remarkable result. If a half-grown animal is fed with gliadin as its sole protein, it will be able to maintain its weight, but not to add to it; it lives, but does not grow. If, however, other proteins are added to the diet, it will at once begin to grow again, and that even if the limit of the normal growth-period has been overpast. One rat was started on this late growth after 277 days of gliadin feeding and 314 days of life, and finally

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reached normal size; and this in spite of the fact that growth in rats is normally over at 180 days or thereabouts. What is more, the animals kept on gliadin look as old as their size, not as old as their age in days, and are indistinguishable by inspection from young normal animals of the same weight. Obviously, we next want to know whether, when the growth of such an animal is finished, its period of maturity will be as long as that of normal animals, or if its extra period of youth must be deducted from its old age. This, however, has not yet been determined one way or the other for gliadin-fed animals. From experiments, later to be mentioned, on lower animals, we know that there is at least no theoretical reason against its maturity lasting the normal period — in other words, against its usual span of life having been actually lengthened by the amount of time during which growth was stopped. But whether this is so or not further experiment alone can decide.

Such a prolongation of life would constitute a very real positive achievement. Otherwise, these experiments, while giving us a clear insight into the conditions of growth, may all be called negative in outcome. Addition of more vitamines, of more growth-promoting proteins beyond the limit necessary for normal growth does not result in an increase of growth. We can upset the self-regulating machinery in one direction, but not in the other.

Now let us turn to some other experiments which have achieved positive results, although this time their effect is more on differentiation than on growth. Everyone is familiar with the development of the frog — how the eggs are transformed into embryos within their jelly-membranes; how these hatch into tadpoles which are to all intents and purposes fishes, breathing by gills and swimming with their tail-fins; how these grow; how from their sides there sprout out the rudiments of limbs, and how finally a sudden change, an Ovidian metamorphosis, overtakes the organism, the body-shape and the color alter, the tail shrivels and is absorbed into the body, the gills disappear, and the intestine, remodeling its lengthy coils into a simple loop, becomes adapted to a flesh instead of to a vegetable diet.

Development in tadpoles is a variable quantity. Food, temperature, light, and many other factors somewhat affect the rate of growth and the time of metamorphosis. Within the last ten years, however, one factor has been found, which is definite and powerful in its action; that is, the amount of thyroid substance present in the animal. If tadpoles are fed on ox- or sheep-thyroid, — and that is an experiment anyone can try for themselves if they go to the butcher and get him to cut away the thyroid from either side of the wind-pipe just below the larynx, — they will begin to metamorphose within a week or ten days, whatever their age. Even if no leg-rudiments are present at the start, they will appear; and the other changes follow in due course.

If the animal is too small, it will attempt the transformation, but fail. There is a limit of size below which metamorphosis may be begun, but can only lead to death. However, the limit is so low that, by means of thyroid, young frogs can be produced no larger than flies, and not a quarter of the bulk of those that change at the normal time.

More than this: the converse experiment has been tried, and has succeeded. Allen, in America, succeeded in removing the thyroids from young tadpoles of about a quarter of an inch in length — no mean operation! Such animals, unless they are fed with thyroid, will

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never metamorphose at all, never even form legs, but continue to grow and grow into giant tadpoles double and treble the size of any found in nature. Some of these have finally been found to become sexually mature; and it is hoped in the near future that young may be obtained from them.

Now there exists in Mexico and the Southern United States a remarkable creature known as the Axolotl (which, by the way, is Mexican for 'play-in-the-water'; it may be added that the Mexicans eat them in quantities, stewed or fried, with plenty of cayenne pepper). This creature looks like an aquatic salamander, and lives in lakes and pools, where it breathes by gills. It closely resembles the enlarged tadpole of a newt, which differs from that of a frog in early possessing legs. Another animal of about the same size is known, from the same regions, the Amblystoma. This lives on land, and is definitely a large salamander, air-breathing and finless.

In the middle of last century it was discovered that these two apparently very distinct animals were really one and the same, and that the amblystoma always started life as a little axolotl, undergoing metamorphosis later. In certain districts, however, the change never came, and the axolotls simply continued to grow and finally to become capable of reproduction in their tadpole state.

Now by means of a thyroid diet, any axolotl, no matter how large or how mature, can be turned into an amblystoma — a transformation involving not only the disappearance of gills and tail-fin and the growth of lungs, but also an extra growth of limbs, a change of color, and extensive alterations in the skull and skeleton.

But the last link in the chain remains. There are three or four other species of animals in America which closely resemble the axolotl, spending their piscine existence in ponds and streams, but which are not known in a land-form at all. Apparently they have found aquatic existence to pay better, and in them the thyroid seems to be so reduced that they can normally never metamorphose. Biologists in the United States are now endeavoring to get hold of some of the young of these, and to see if thyroid-feeding will induce them, too, to change to a terrestrial creature. If so, it will be to a form which has been lost for thousands or tens of thousands of years, and science will have resuscitated a type of life which, without her, would have been forever extinct.

These results are interesting enough in themselves, but the question remains, *how* the thyroid accomplishes what it does. On this point, no certainty has been reached. The view I have come to may be indicated because of its bearing upon other questions. Briefly, it is this. In a developing frog the processes of growth first built up a system which we call the tadpole. Development continues, and leads, partly to the growth of this tadpole-system, but partly to the building up of a new system, the rudiments of the frog. These consist chiefly of the beginnings of lungs and limbs; but many changes in the skeleton, too, are initiated, which have meaning only when looked on as forerunners of the adult state.

After a time, then, we have two systems of organs competing with each other within the single organism — the formed tadpole-system, and the forming frog-system. The action of the thyroid is, I believe, to stimulate the young, growing frog-tissues more than the older, differentiated tadpole-tissues; or, even more probably, to over-stimulate the tadpole-tissues, and so give the frog-tissues more of a chance. When the thyroid has produced enough of its

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secretion, or when enough is introduced in the diet, the growth of the frog-system is so much accelerated that it beats the tadpole-system in the competition for food. The tadpole-tissues are in these conditions unable to maintain themselves, they break down, and become utilized as food-stuff by the remainder of the organism.

The underlying processes of life have often and justly been compared to an eddying stream; and this comparison will help us to visualize such a process. The structure of the organism can be represented by the bed of the stream; its vital processes by the flowing water. Alter one, and you alter the other. Imagine a stream flowing round an S-shaped bend, and in the first curve swirling under the bank in a broad eddy. If a little channel is dug across, so as to short-circuit the second bend of the S, water will flow along this, and less will be left for the eddy. Anything which enlarges the channel will increase the flow along it, and as this increases, the eddy will lose its original character, and finally the whole of the second bend will dry up and cease to be. If the eddy in the bend represents the life animating the tadpole-system, the stream along the new cut that of the growing tissues of the adult, then, if we have a workman with a spade coming and enlarging the new channel, he will represent the thyroid. That such struggling systems are not mere convenient imaginations chosen to suit the case is shown by numerous examples, two of which may be cited.

Clavellina, the Ascidian that we have already studied, belongs to a group of animals which, though degenerate in that they live a sedentary life, are yet of a high order of complexity, and, as a matter of fact, are degenerate offshoots of the ancestral vertebrate stock. Another of these, called Perophora, grows in a very plant-like way, sending out hollow shoots, full of circulating blood, from which at intervals new buds arise, so that a colony of individuals is produced with a common blood-system.

By snipping this shoot, or *stolon*, at two places, we isolate a system consisting of a single individual and a piece of stolon. In the laboratory it is impossible to provide the creature with the minute floating food which it finds in the sea. In spite of this, such systems, if kept in pure water, live under observation for a long time. If the water is constantly renewed, the individual continues healthy, and of the same size; but the stolon progressively shrinks, because its tissues are being used up to provide nourishment for the more highly organized individual, which in these conditions is the dominant partner.

If, on the other hand, the system is placed in extremely dilute solutions of various poisons, we can achieve a curious result. At a certain concentration, of course, the whole system is killed. At a lesser concentration, both individual and stolon are badly affected; but a still greater dilution can be found, in which the more highly organized and therefore more sensitive individual is considerably affected, the simple stolon scarcely at all. In this case the individual shrinks, it loses its typical shape and becomes an irregular sphere, its organs collapse and become simplified, as if it were about to de-differentiate; but after a time the separate cells actually migrate out of the tissues into the blood-stream (as if a house were to unbuild itself by the bricks flying out of the walls!), and finally nothing of it is left. The stolon, meanwhile, not only keeps healthy, but may actually continue to grow at the expense of all the food-material thus provided. In fact, the boot is now on the other leg — the dominance is reversed.

The system thus consists very clearly

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of two lesser systems in competition with each other. When both are healthy the most active and highly organized wins; but this is more sensitive to unfavorable conditions, and, once it is affected, is unable to keep up the struggle, and is actually sucked out of existence by the other.

Growth and the reverse of growth, seen in the sudden disappearance of whole systems of organs, may thus in certain cases depend on the upsetting of a balance between contending parts of an organism.

To complete our survey, we might take one further example from a very different field — that of the mind. It is well known to those who have studied nerve-disease that one set of symptoms that occurs regularly in a certain proportion of patients suffering from shell-shock and neurasthenia can be classified as *mental regression* — in other words, a going backwards to an earlier stage of mental life. Grown men behave like boys of five, lisp, forget their adult life, talk as if the memories of that early time alone were active in them, play childish games, become dependent on their nurses. In fact, they become, as nearly as their grown body permits, what they were, or what they remember to have been, at some far-past age. When this condition is carefully analyzed, it is found that it, too, is the result of a competiton between two systems of mind — the adult system and that of earlier times, when life was remembered as happier.

In times of severe strain, to keep the adult system going involves a constant facing and overcoming of unpleasant fact. Under these conditions, its delicate adjustments are upset, its nerves become exhausted, the nervous energy will no longer flow so readily through its channels. But nervous energy is continually welling up as a product of the activities of life; and so, being refused its proper channel, it runs into that which it finds most open to it. In some, this second channel is an imaginary world; in others, it is the channel that leads to despondency and suicide; in still others, it is, as we have seen, the simple revivifying of the old and less complex systems of childhood.

We seem to have wandered far afield; and yet this idea of lesser systems in competition within a greater is one of extreme importance for our problem. In the sequel, we shall see to what conclusions it leads us.

The administration of pituitary substance to the single-celled Paramecium led, as we saw, to increase of growth and reproduction. It has been established, too, that it encourages the growth of cancerous tumors in mice. But the results of feeding young growing animals with it have all led to a puzzling and apparently contradictory result — growth is not accelerated, but retarded. Later, however, it was discovered that this stunting is only temporary, and is followed by a later increase of growth, the final size of the animal being sometimes above the normal. This has been shown to hold good for the pituitary itself, and especially for an active substance, christened tethelin, or the growth-promoter, which Brailsford Robertson has succeeded in isolating from the pituitary.

What is more, it was found that a continued administration of tethelin not only affected growth in this way, but actually lengthened the life of the animals receiving it. The average life of Robertson's normal mice in captivity was about two years — 767 days, to be precise. The average length of life for tethelin-treated mice was 100 days longer. Their life had been lengthened by over 12 per cent.

These last findings lead us naturally on to consider the duration of life and its possible prolongation. But before

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turning to this particular problem, I would like to bring up one other, not only because it so well illustrates the suggestiveness of our knowledge, but because it also reveals how great are the uncharted tracts of our ignorance.

The problem I refer to is that of cancer — cancer, which kills one woman out of every nine, one man of every thirteen; to whose perennial ravages those of the greatest wars are nothing. Of the ultimate cause of cancer we know next to nothing. It is probable that there are many such causes. Sometimes it appears to be due to local irritation, sometimes to a poison, sometimes, again, to some ultra-microscopic germ. But the end-result is always the same: some of the cells of the body become, through this or that agency, emancipated from the controlling bond which regulates the growth and harmony of the parts in the whole, and the emancipated tissue embarks upon a career of unlimited, unregulated growth and reproduction.

Let us for a moment revert to the question of growth in man or the higher animals. It should be emphasized once more, how the power of growth inherent in the germ, at first enormous, decreases continuously as development proceeds.

This may be illustrated by a very simple calculation. The weight of the human germ or ovum is about six tenths of a milligramme. The weight of a new-born baby is from three to four kilogrammes. Thus, in the nine antenatal months the ovum increases its weight five or six million times. In the remaining eighteen or twenty years of active growth, however, the child increases its weight only fifteen to twenty times.

Correlated with this, we find that the power of budding, and regenerating lost parts, so often seen among the lower animals, is present in the young stages of the higher types, but not in the full-grown individuals. If one chooses to take a Planarian flatworm and simply cut it into bits, most of them will grow new heads and tails and become flatworms again, perfectly healthy though small. This is not possible in a newt, although even here amputated legs are produced afresh. In a lizard, a new tail can still be grown, but not limbs; while in a bird or a mammal, no large part can be regenerated; a limited regeneration still takes place, however, to the extent of healing over cut surfaces.

But if, even in these higher types, we go back to the early stages of development, we find a much higher power of regeneration (and regeneration is of course bound up with the power of growth). A frog cannot replace an amputated limb. A tadpole can, and does with ease. Even in mammals this power is retained. Some ten years back, the zoölogical world was startled by the discovery of a Texan naturalist that the common armadillo of the southern United States reproduces partly by budding. Four young are always produced in a brood, and these all arise from a single original germ, which buds out the four rudiments of the future young armadillos after reaching the three-layered stage. In man himself there is no reasonable doubt that what we call identical twins — twins so nearly alike that confusion is possible between them — arise in a similar way by some form of budding from a single ovum; and that this common origin is the cause of their extraordinary resemblance.

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AUSTRIA UNDER THE ENTENTE

BY ALICE BIRD

[The Austrian krone now exchanges at between 700 and 800 for a dollar; but its local purchasing power, while much below its original value of about 20 cents, is higher than this. That makes the burden against which the author so passionately protests heavier than a mere conversion of the sums mentioned into our currency would indicate.]

From *The Modern Review, June*, 1921
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The conquering Entente is still at work in Austria. After the division, under the Versailles Treaty, of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire into a number of small nationalist states, the small state of German Austria has been left economically crippled and politically crushed; because German Austria is an industrial territory, which formerly drew its raw materials, coal, and food from Hungary and other provinces, furnishing them in turn with manufactured articles. Now these new states have adopted all the vices of petty capitalistic nationalism, with rigid tariff restrictions, with national hatred, with political and military ambitions copied from their friends and masters, the Entente. They refuse to sell food to Austria, they refuse coal for Austrian factories, and they still live upon memories of the injuries which they—and Austrians as well—suffered under royalty.

As in Germany, the Entente pursues two obvious lines of activity in Austria. One is to 'destroy militarism' by taking all Austrian war-material for their own use; and the other is to prevent the country from adopting Communism and thereby abandoning the civilization of the Entente. In Austria, in order to realize this latter desire, the Entente finds itself face to face with the necessity of furnishing the necessary capitalistic props.

Two of the large Entente commissions — the Reparations Commission here now, and the Interallied Military Control Commission, which left on February 20 — are the most outstanding examples of Entente activity and morality in Central Europe. The commissions came as conquerors; they came with all the hatred that conquerors feel toward a proud people who have resisted their onslaughts until starvation alone forced them to surrender. They came with hatred for the nations which for centuries have produced, conscious of their greatness, most that Europe has of inspired music and philosophy, and much of its great literature and art. The conquered nations do not admit a greater guilt than that of the Entente. And it is because they do not, and will not, that exactions are all the more rigid.

The expenses of the Entente commissions in Austria are paid by the Austrian state, which is admittedly bankrupt. When the Interallied Military Control Commission withdrew on February 20, after ten months of occupation, it had spent from Austrian state funds the modest sum of 710,050,000 kronen, — a staggering sum for Austria. It then left behind a 'Liquidation

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Committee,' composed of sixteen British, six French, and three Japanese officers, in case any little shred of Austrian resistance had been left. The Reparations Commission has been in Vienna since June of last year, and is still 'going strong.' It has already spent more than 500,000,000 kronen from the Austrian treasury. There were 112 military officers and 437 soldiers with the first Commission; there are some 500 members of the latter.

The Reparations Commission started their work with the magnificence worthy of conquerors. They immediately took possession of four hundred rooms in the Austrian War Ministry, and not satisfied with the luxurious furniture which the pretentious generals of the luxurious Hapsburgian régime had used, they ransacked the other offices in the building, taking carpets, easy chairs, any furniture from beneath the feet of the state officials. Finding that their rooms were still unworthy of war-lords, the Commission ransacked the Hofburg, or former Emperor's palace, and took from it rugs, chairs, hangings, and furniture. They then shipped furniture and knick-knacks from Paris, at the expense of the Austrian Government. By the time they were satisfied, the Austrian Government had spent four million kronen for the adaptation of offices to their needs. To-day they have confiscated three of the four elevators in the building, for their own use.

Now the Reparations Commission is at work to see what the six million inhabitants of Austria can be forced to pay for having sinned against the sinless Entente. What they are doing, few Austrians are permitted to know. 'We do know,' one Austrian Socialist official said, 'that they are at work with a number of pretty Entente stenographers, the lowest paid one receiving a salary equal to more than the President of the Austrian Republic. And then we know that all the Czech members of the Mission are the Entente spies.'

The Austrian spoils, however, have not been so rich as was expected. The Commission soon learned that, if they plundered too much, Communism would result. The people would take the country into their own hands, establish their own government, and defy the Entente. In order to prevent this tendency from spreading, capitalistic props had to be found to keep the state in a position to be bled, year by year, by the Great Powers. Thus, from June down to February, the 500 representatives of civilization had managed to hatch a British scheme by which the Great Powers would grant Austria credit of 250 million dollars, coal and raw materials. But this plan was rejected by London. The plan now proposed and favorably considered is a French one, to induce private capitalists to grant credit and to invest in Austrian enterprises. In this way, many capitalistic countries would have influential citizens interested in keeping Austria from adopting Communism, and concerted pressure could be brought upon the state that tried to disturb their profits. Other plans for the solution of the Austrian misery consist of a Danube Confederacy, and making Vienna the 'ward of the Entente.' The Danube Confederacy is much opposed by the Austrians, because to them it means the restoration of the monarchy, backed by the terroristic Horthy régime in Hungary, and backed by France. The French, in particular, are said to be working for this scheme; and the Austrian Christian Socialists, the Clerical party now in power, are suspected of favoring it, despite the fact that on paper they accede to the popular demand for union of Austria with Germany. Then, the plan to make Vienna the seat of the League of Nations and the 'ward of the Entente,' is a

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British proposal. In this way, a few Canutes would sit in Vienna and raise restraining fingers when necessary to stop the oncoming tide of Communism. But here in Central Europe the British are not suspected of having so much to do with affairs, as have Italy and France. France, in particular, is feared; because it is known that either a secret treaty, or an understanding, exists between France and England, whereby France is given a free hand to do what she wishes on the Continent, and England is given a free hand to subject the Near East, and to advance her imperialism in Asia. It is a sort of 'fifty-fifty' game, as it were: France takes Europe; England takes Asia and the routes to Asia.

It can be said without exaggeration that every scheme for the reconstruction of Austria, even the relief-work of the American and British religious or government groups, is a conscious plan to counteract Communism. The Entente knows that its own capitalism is doomed if Central Europe adopts a communal form of government. It is certain that reactionary Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Roumania, and Poland (the children of the Entente) will remain true to their capitalistic masters. But the spirit of Austria and Germany is not yet quite crushed.

The Austrians themselves appear to be absolutely helpless beneath the hands of the Entente. The Socialists, the second strongest party in the state, talk a lot, and issue manifestos against the Communists, the capitalists, and the Entente alike. The Christian Socialists, the clerical conservatives now in control of the government, sit tight, taking orders from the Entente and holding its power. The Communists, but 300,000 strong, smile a bit as they watch the struggle, while they continue to hold classes and public meetings, and issue newspapers and a magazine propounding the doctrines of the Communist state. The dreaded Communists are fairly young men and women. 'We are weak,' they say, 'in comparison with the other parties. But that is because the Socialists keep telling the workers and peasants that, if they follow us, the Horthy régime in Hungary will be extended here; or, they hold up the spectre of an Entente army. But we know that if Germany makes a move to form a Communist state, and we follow, the workers of Austria will follow us almost to the last man. But we are too weak to act without Germany; we already starve; we would be starved to death within a week.'

Dr. Frederick Hertz, the famous historian and authority on nationalities of Central Europe, briefly sketched the problems facing Austria: —

> There are many vicious circles, consisting of questions mutually interdependent, which do not admit of isolated treatment. For instance, the depreciation of money leads to trade-restrictions, and these again depreciate still further the value of the currency. Vienna cannot get coal because she cannot pay in goods, and she is not able to produce sufficient goods because of the lack of coal. Scarcity of rolling-stock hinders the transport of coal, and the lack of coal prevents the production and repairing of rolling-stock. The insufficiency of agricultural supplies leads to state control of food, and the effect of this control still further restricts the supply. It is impossible to raise the value of the currency as long as the budget shows a big deficit which must be covered by continually printing new notes; and, in turn, the deficit arises chiefly from the low value of money, which raises state expenses to an enormous degree particularly for foreign food. Austria is now living on foreign credit and foreign food. Economically this is ruinous to the country and detrimental to the givers. Austria, with the lowest monetary value in the world, has to buy its food in the market with the highest exchange, and at the farthest distance, that is, America. But I think that, with all our difficulties, if the Entente and the foreigners

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who come here would only leave us to work out our own problems, we could, in some way, muddle through.

Many of the state officials consider it indiscreet to speak of the actions of the Entente representatives in the country; they fear more suffering. They fear the guns of the 'civilized' nations, if they raise a voice of protest against their extortions. When asked if the report of a newspaper man, concerning the grotesque salaries which the Entente commissions paid themselves from the Austrian treasury, were true, an official in the Foreign Office tried to evade the question.

'Newspaper-men are indiscreet,' he said. 'We can't say anything; we can't afford to say anything. But — of course — for your own information you may know that the newspaper-man was right and that his report is absolutely correct.'

The report had charged that the chief of every department of the Reparations Commission now in Vienna receives an annual salary of 6,000,000 kronen, or sixty times the salary of the Secretary of State; that each chief's substitutes receive 3,000,000 kronen each, and his secretaries 2,400,000 kronen yearly. The General Secretary of the Commission, receives 3,300,000 kronen, and the lowest salary of one of his many stenographers, or typewriters, amounts to 300,000 kronen — the salary of the President of the Republic. The lowest paid functionary in the Commission receives 300,000 kronen; the financial expert 4,000,000 kronen, and his three under-experts. 2,000,000 kronen; his secretary 750,000 kronen; the judicial authority 4,000,000 kronen; the special experts in industry, trade, agriculture, supply, and so on, over 2,000,000 kronen, and their secretaries and stenographers from 300,000 to 500,000 kronen.

The Interallied Military Control Commission, which left February 20, was no less magnificent than the present Reparations Commission. They also came as war-lords, and they lived like conquerors of the Middle Ages. Their true attitude found expression in the action of Colonel Fletcher, Englishman, the President of the Aeronautics Department of the Commission. Just before closing his work, Fletcher made a last visit to the aeroplane factory at Wiener Neustadt, a short distance from Vienna, to see if the many fine engines had been destroyed. The chief engineer argued that the engines could be used for industrial purposes. Fletcher replied by striking him across the face with his hand.

It may have been, indeed, that the engines could have been used for Austrian military purposes; and perhaps the chief engineer thought that an Englishman, representing a world-empire built upon militarism, might sympathize.

Other war-material has been divided up between the conquerors, Italy taking 70 per cent, France 11, Great Britain 8, the United States and Serbia 4 each, and Japan 3 per cent. Much raw material, necessary to Austrian industrial life, was taken, such as leather, brass, copper, and aluminum. Then, in a further effort to effect a peaceful solution of the world's problems, France sold her share of the spoils to Poland, and Austria, in violation of her peace with Soviet Russia, is compelled by the Entente — respecters of treaties! — to ship these war-materials to Poland, which, under Entente guidance is planning a war against Russia.

Representative Austrian officials whose names cannot be given here, for obvious reasons, charge that the members of both commissions here mentioned have found their associates among the high reactionaries and decadent Austrians, exploiters like them-

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selves, and that they have strengthened the reactionaries in the bordering states. They, with thousands of other foreigners, have come to Vienna, to live cheaply; they jam the most expensive hotels, live in the greatest extravagance, ruin the *valuta*, and keep the prices of food and clothing beyond the reach of any Austrian. Only the new-rich profiteers, and the thousands of unfortunate Austrian girls who have learned the value of the American dollar and the English pound, can now buy the necessities of life. Their moral life becomes of secondary importance — as is always the case everywhere — to their economic necessities. And of Vienna, perhaps the most beautiful, artistic, and cultured city of Europe in the past, you gain the impression that it is now a city of parasites, who have come in swarms and settled down upon its magnificent boulevards, to live as cheaply as possible upon the ridiculously low *valuta*.

Two pictures may be shown of Viennese life — one the side of the foreign life here, where an Englishman or Frenchman or American spends thousands of kronen in one night; and the other the life of the very poor Austrians to whom one thousand kronen would mean wealth. Yet, in showing these pictures, one is not unaware of the fact that the same or worse scenes may be witnessed in India as well.

In the first week of February, when a notorious and extravagant Vienna dance-hall and cabaret became too odoriferous for even the Viennese police, the place was raided; of 76 men and women arrested, only 12 were Austrians (perhaps all girls) while 15 were members of official foreign missions, who were released because of 'diplomatic immunity.'

The following day, the writer, in company with some relief-workers, and an Indian as well, visited a number of Austrian homes. In one hole they found a nineteen-year-old girl lying under an old bed covering, waiting for her mother to come home. Her mother, they learned, was out washing, for which she earned 30 kronen a week. The girl had walked the streets for weeks and months in search of work; but the factories, cut off from their source of supplies, are running at less than six per cent of their former capacity. The girl was in bed to keep warm. In Austria, it is very cold, yet the girl had no underwear whatever; one ragged skirt, one rag for a blouse, one pair of stockings, and some rags for shoes, constituted her clothing. The room contained not one piece of clean cloth, no sheets, no towels, no fuel for heating, no food. In other rooms we found even worse scenes: half-clothed mothers, who, like animals, had crawled into corners and given birth to children doomed to death, while no physician, no person attended them; half-starved children, with legs so twisted and deformed from malnutrition that they will be crippled for life; and tuberculosis everywhere.

The relief-workers have sent out their calls for help to the farthest corners of the globe; it is inhuman, they say; nothing has ever existed like it. Yet the Indian recalled them time and time again: —

'We in India have suffered this on a national scale for one hundred years,' he said, 'and you have not been horrified. We have witnessed such scenes as this all our lives. Yet one little corner of Europe, suffering what we have suffered for ages, arouses a world to frantic tears.'

Yet the relief-workers say that the misery must be relieved. And why? They give as their first answer, 'Because Communism will spread if you don't help the Austrians!' So the various British, French and Italian and American representatives here issue

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calls for relief. And always one is convinced that it is not because they are torn by the suffering, but because they fear for their own skins: they fear that Communism would destroy capitalism in their own countries if it were permitted to establish itself in Austria. And thus it is that the American Relief Administration is feeding 300,000 Austrians a day, the British are feeding 58,000 in Vienna; the Swedish, the French, the Danes, and the Hollanders are feeding the Austrians. Feeding them on the one hand, and on the other permitting their Military and Reparations and other commissions to drain the Austrian treasury, when the sums paid for their salaries alone would keep thousands of Austrian families from starvation and charity.

The following costs of the Interallied Military Control Commission are of interest, particularly in view of the cries of the starving for food, and in view of the fact that the Austrian state has a rapidly increasing annual deficit, amounting now to more than 42,000,000,000 kronen, and a total debt of 105,000,000,000, while its industrialized territory is entirely cut off, by the many new surrounding national boundaries, from the sources of raw materials, coal, and markets upon which it previously existed.

In connection with the following figures, let it be remembered that the Austrian Cabinet ministers receive annual salaries of 172,000 kronen a year, that a few skilled workers are able to earn 12,000 kronen a month at the utmost, and that 1,000 kronen a month would keep a starving baby in all that it needs.

These are *monthly* salaries of the Interallied Military Control Commission, as shown by documents of the Austrian State. Kronen are used, instead of French francs, as in the documents, the calculation being made on the present rate of exchange, or 50 kronen to one French franc.

Salaries of Italian Military Section

1 general	532,500 kr.
chief of sub-commission	390,000
4 colonels	1,225,000
3 lt.-cols.	645,000
9 majors	1,800,000
7 captains	1,260,000
9 second lts.	1,530,000
40 petty officers	3,400,000
150 corporals and soldiers	11,250,000
Total, 35 officers, 190 men	22,032,500 kr.

Salaries of French Military Section

1 general	425,000 kr.
2 colonels	550,000
3 lt.-cols.	637,500
9 majors	1,800,000
7 captains	1,225,000
1 administrative officer	200,000
2 lower officers	330,000
30 petty officers	2,700,000
65 corporals and soldiers	3,575,000
Total, 25 officers, 95 men	11,442,500 kr.

Salaries of English Military Section

1 colonel	425,000 kr.
2 lt.-cols.	650,000
7 majors	2,000,000
4 captains	1,000,000
1 lower officer	225,000
20 petty officers	3,000,000
36 corporals and soldiers	2,700,000
Total, 15 officers, 56 men	10,000,000 kr.

Salaries of Japanese Military Section

1 lt.-col.	350,000 kr.
1 major	200,000
3 petty officers	300,000
7 corporals and soldiers	437,000
Total, 2 officers, 10 men	1,287,000 kr.

The Americans did not participate in the work as a part of the Commission, it seems; so the Austrian state fund shows no salaries paid them. The Americans have also withdrawn from the Reparations Commission. It will be noticed that Englishmen drew larger salaries than the others. This was perhaps upon the well-founded theory that one Englishman, because of international experience, could do more dam-

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age than two Italians. Then, enters Japan. At least it provokes thought to see Asian faces helping to determine the fate of Europe; and to realize that they are tolerated only because they have adopted European methods, and represent the only spot in Asia not subjected by the Entente.

But the above figures represent the salaries of only one of the three sections of the Military Commission. This Military section had the following further expenditures: —

For each of the 72 officers, 250 kronen a day was allowed for lodging. Counting 30 days to the month, this amounts to 7,500 kronen each month per man, or, for the 72 officers, 540,000 kronen. Other expenses of the section were: —

Light	125,000 kr.
For chancellery	125,000
Automobiles	3,750,000
Transportation	450,000
Miscellaneous	750,000
Total	5,200,000 kr.

Thus, the total *monthly* charges for the Military Department of the Commission were: —

Salaries	46,582,500 kr.
Apartments	540,000
General costs	5,200,000
Total	52,322,500 kr.

Although Austria has no marine, there was also a Marine Department, which came to Vienna, remained for four weeks, and drew its salary from the state. It consisted of 5 Italian officers, 3 English, 3 French, and 1 Japanese, drawing combined monthly salaries of 3,750,000 kronen. There were also 14 marine soldiers drawing combined monthly salaries of 782,500 kronen. The total costs of the section were: —

Salaries	4,532,500 kr.
Apartments	325,000
General costs	750,000
Total	5,607,500 kr.

The Aeronautics Department consisted of the following men, with salaries: —

10 Italian officers and 27 soldiers	3,615,000 kr.
7 French officers and 26 soldiers	3,050,000
5 English officers and 14 soldiers	2,830,000
12 Japanese officers and 5 soldiers	775,000
Total	10,270,000 kr.

Thus, the total costs of the Aeronautics Department were: —

Salaries	10,270,000 kr.
Apartments	650,000
General costs	2,000,000
Total	12,920,000

The total summary of the expenses of the Commission, as paid by the Austrian state follows: —

Military Department	52,332,500 kr.
Marine Department	5,607,500
Aeronautics Department	12,920,000
Monthly total	70,860,000 kr.

Thus, for the ten months, this one Commission cost the state 708,600,000 kronen. If one estimates the number of children this sum would have fed, the results provoke thought. It may be said that the money might not have been spent for food. But Austria is too weak, too small, and without the desire, to use it for militarism. And even if it were so used, it could not spread the disaster and the devastation which is being spread by the Entente to-day in every country throughout Europe, in an effort to make themselves supreme on earth and crush Soviet Russia. It cannot be too often emphasized that the struggle in Europe to-day is between the Entente and Russia — Russia to maintain itself against the onslaughts of all the powers, and the Entente to destroy every vestige of strength, or hope of Communism. It is in this struggle that Austria occupies a strategic position, *the* strategic position in Central Europe. Because it opens the door, not

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only to Italy, but to all the Baltic States and thence to the Near East and the Mohammedan countries.

But what Austria does will depend upon Germany. A union of the two countries may delay any change for a time, since that will give Austria food, raw materials, and coal. But France will not permit this union, fearing additional strength of Germany. The Austrians and the Germans wish the union. The time may come when they will take the affairs of their countries into their own hands. If the reactionaries or nationalists lead in such a movement, the Entente will crush them. But if the Communists attempt it, they will be successful, because they will be supported by the working classes of France and Italy. Under the present social-democratic governments, nothing will be done; because these governments are bowing their heads to the Entente. They are the 'moderates.' And, strangely enough, one finds developing in them the same slave traits of subject countries, the same resignation, evasion of facts, and *the same use of their intellects to manufacture excuses for their inactivity and slavery.* They may call it politics; but it is cowardice and slavery; and while they may remain a little longer in power, they do so at the expense of their souls and the soul of the nation.

CONFESSION AND CRITICISM

BY ATSUSHI MATSUZAWA

[*This study of the weak points of the Americans and Japanese respectively originally appeared in the Japanese publication,* Naikan — '*Introspection.*']

From *The Japan Advertiser, June* 3
(Tokyo American Daily)

American life is realistic, utilitarian, epicurean, more inclined toward comedy than tragedy, rational, and, above all, a life of common sense. Japanese life, on the contrary, is eccentric, sentimental, and essentially pessimistic.

Japanese life is local, provincial, insular. It is in no way international. One proof of this is that, when the country people come to town, it is usually possible to tell from the patterns of their clothes, the stripes in them, and from their methods of speaking, just what particular part of the country they come from. In America no one can tell a country person from anyone else.

The fourfold division of society — samurai, farmer, artisan, and merchant — which prevailed from early days in Japan has so stamped the members of each group with class individualities, that even to-day it is very easy to tell to which hereditary rank a person belongs.

In Japan, even on a journey of five *ri* — 12½ miles — the standard of weight and measurement varies. The *kin* — standard 160 *momme* (1⅓ lbs.) — in one place is 100 *momme*, in another 120 *momme*, in still another 160 *momme*. Rice, for instance, is sold in bags supposedly of uniform content. But in one

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place the *hyo* (bag) contains four *to* (call the *to* a peck, for example, and the *hyo* a bushel), in another five *to*, six *to* or even as low as three *to*. Beans and barley are also about as inconsistently measured throughout Japan.

Take, as another instance of these provincialisms, the measurement of cloth, which varies for different materials. Silk and wool are measured with *shaku* of different lengths, and in town and country these *shaku* vary. While, confusion on confusion, the *shaku* of cloth measure, about 14½ English inches, is one fourth longer than the *shaku* of ordinary linear measure.

Even to-day when the old feudal clans have been abolished for almost fifty years, people will still introduce and speak of themselves as members of 'such and such a clan.' Men of high position are still written of in the newspapers as the 'leaders of such and such clans.' This is all nonsense and is only to be explained as an example of the boasting of the Japanese people about themselves.

The Japanese are too nationalistic. They know nothing of other countries. They are not good at learning other languages. In America the poorest speakers of English are the Japanese. Even the Chinese, Koreans, and Filipinos learn English quicker and better than we do. In the Imperial University in Tokyo, the professors who know English, German, and French, all three, are very few indeed, while almost all professors in America can speak two or three languages beside their own. In Japan, those professors who can read foreign languages cannot speak them, and even if they can speak them, they do not know how to write them properly. There are very few educated men in Japan who can speak three or four languages; while in America even the laboring man finds no difficulty in learning three or four languages if he has a mind for doing so.

The Japanese are very superficial. Even if something very strange is shown to them or told to them, they never question it; they have little doubt of anything seen or heard — accept things as they appear. Therefore they have little power to create.

We are always talking in Japan of 'disappointed love.' That is to say, a man complains that someone else has married the girl he wanted to have for a wife. I call this 'dumb love,' not 'disappointed love,' for instead of speaking out, such people usually sit dumb, while someone else goes away with their loved one, and then they sit around dejected and complaining, and often commit suicide because of 'disappointed love.' Nonsense! The Japanese people need a little more realism; they are too sentimental. They are a very humane people, but they are too partial, and they despise everything which is not pleasing to their sentimentalities. It is beyond their power to discriminate between public and private functions. If a man makes a violent attack on another from the political platform, the man attacked immediately cuts off any social relations there may have been between them. But in America such is not the case. Public and private affairs are separate things, and a man may attack his best friend in public for some political matter, and yet they still remain good friends. But the Japanese cannot act so impartially. Politics and social affairs are different — this is common sense, and every laborer, even in America, knows this.

Here is a story that illustrates a great difference between Japanese and American character. On an American railway a Japanese laborer, operating a hand-car, accidentally ran into and injured an American laborer working on the track. The American sued the com-

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pany for damages, and the Japanese was summoned into court because he was responsible for the accident.

On the day of the trial, the American, meeting the Japanese in the courtroom, smiled and greeted him with 'How do you do?' but the Japanese violently turned his head away and indulged in several very audible snorts of rage. Which was very silly, because it was the American's right to call the Japanese into court. But the Japanese was wounded in his *amour propre*, and thought the law-suit a quarrel, and that he had to act as if it were one.

The Japanese, even at home, do not realize that it is every man's privilege to go to court to right a wrong; that such trials smooth and soften mutual hard feeling. The Japanese are too sentimental. I should like to see them become a little realistic.

The Japanese do not know how to enjoy life. They resent being obliged to live in difficult surroundings. They are too quick to resent any criticism or failure to understand their point of view. If a man praises them, they think him a man of excellent taste and exalt him as a god. But if he criticizes them, there is nothing too bad for them to say of him. With them 'absolute is absolute,' there are no half-way houses of opinion. Naturally, individuality is very little recognized in Japan. And at the same time the Japanese have no training at harmonizing social conditions and relations.

If a foreigner speaks Japanese badly, the Japanese laugh at him; but Americans do not laugh at Japanese who speak poor English. The Japanese must give up the belief that they are the most superior people of the Far East. There have been changes in the world since the European war which cannot be ignored. The hereditary notions which all Japanese are so fond of must be forgotten, sent to the scrap-heap, and their possession not considered so transcendentally wonderful.

World-competition is free, and society too becomes more free of hereditary notions every day. People must realize that a time is coming when all the world will be one in idea. If the Japanese do not wake up to this idea soon, the brilliant epoch they so fondly think is coming to Japan will never be realized.

Now let us take a look at America.

The minds of the Americans are far from profound. Their ideals are untrained. They prefer comedy to tragedy, but vaudeville to comedy, and even more than vaudeville they 'love' the 'movies.' They do not demand that things should be 'deep,' but bright, pretty, and cheerful. Everything must be simple, not complicated. If things cannot be like this the Americans do not like them and will have nothing to do with them. Musical comedy is decidedly to their taste, but Shakespeare's *Hamlet* is little to their liking, although they flock to see *The Merchant of Venice* and *Romeo and Juliet*.

From morning to night the Americans are always laughing and smiling. When they have their photographs taken, they show all their white teeth and always laugh. They are a very busy people. Anyhow, even if they are not busy, they make a mighty big pretense of having something to do. When the head of the family comes home at night from his day's work, he is usually informed that he is going to the theatre. But if the play chosen is is not cheerful, he will not go, but begs to be excused.

The traditions of the American people are the Christian traditions; America is a Christian country. The national conscience and the national morals are founded on Christian thought. There are great church movements in America, but these movements are not always healthy. They are often hysteri-

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cal and vainglorious, and from their 'popular' tendencies the churches in America have become common, devoid of intellectual force. The whole tendency of such 'popularization' of the Christian Church in America has been to deprive the Church of any active leadership in the world of thought and ideas. The thought and ideas of the Church are too obstinate, too shallow, and too vain, to obtain any following among the thinkers; university students never go to church, and in fact have no confidence in it.

The American clergy know little of religion; their sermons are dry and uninteresting, and have no influence upon the minds of the church-goers. The reason for this is that the clergy have little cultural experience, and the tendency to realism and popularization is so strong, that but little thought is ever given in the pulpit to the question of spiritual life, but argument is always devoted to doctrinal dogma, and all is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Considering religion in America to be at this pass, Japanese theological students, who go to America thinking to find among the theologians there a life of mentality and spirituality, will be sadly disillusioned. They can study the Bible better in Japan. The American theological schools can give them only better command of English, and a knowledge of a good system of education. There are no other new or deep things to be brought back from America.

Since the development of the realistic spirit in American art, philosophy, religion, music, and literature, they have all become commonplace and vulgar, — eccentric in fact, — and they have lost the power to make swift dashes into new fields of ideas. There are no great poets, writers, philosophers, religious teachers, or composers being born in America to-day. The atmosphere is too realistic. Only great scientists are born in America to-day.

MODERN JAPANESE PAINTING

BY NAOHIKO MASAKI

[*Mr. Masaki is the Director of the Tokyo Academy of Fine Arts.*]

From *The Manchester Guardian* (Japan Number), *June* 9
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

BY modern Japanese art I mean a new school of painting evolved in the course of the last fifty years. It has evolved out of the old Chinese and Japanese schools, whose peculiarities and excellences have been developed or modified with what the Japanese mind considered the best qualities of the graphic art of the West. In this field, as elsewhere, history has repeated itself over and over again, though in varied ways from age to age. To understand our modern art rightly, therefore, we must have a rudimentary knowledge of its foundations — how always foreign schools of art have come in as main currents, as it were; how our temperament and traditions have assimilated and

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Japanized them, and made them, as it were, independent streams. There is an underlying something that stamps our art as distinctively Japanese, yet its conceptions and techniques have largely been adapted from those of the Asian Continent and Europe.

The first main current from abroad came to Japan thirteen centuries ago, when Prince Shotoku was instrumental in introducing the Buddhist religion and Buddhist art from China. Later, the great Chinese art of the Sui and Tang dynasties swept over our primitive attempts. Our genius seemed, at first, entirely powerless to Japanize the invading culture. In China, however, a series of civil wars continued, so that the Japanese government had to suspend the regular dispatch of students to that country. Our artists were given a chance of falling back upon their native genius. Hence arose the first purely Japanese school of art, the so-called Yamato-e, Yamato being a classical name for Japan, while *e* means painting.

The second wave of Chinese art influence began to reach our shores in the welfth century, during the Kamakura period of Japan's feudal age. Many Japanese priests who went to China for heir education, as well as the Chinese missionaries who came over to this ountry, brought back with them the vritings, fine arts, and Buddhist sects f the Sung and Yuen (or Mongol) ynasties. The grace and delicacy that ad characterized Buddhist paintings n a peaceful period gave place to the igor and directness of stressed lines with fat and thin,' which developed nto a new Japanese school of religious ainting called Takuma-ha.

The Zen priests introduced another hase of art from China. It was an mateurism, usually in black and white, ultivated by priest-painters who tried o symbolize an abstract idea with a ew simple touches of the brush, or to indicate a profound inner meaning in a simple object. Shubun and Sesshu, both priest-painters, were the first great masters of this 'amateurish' school in Japan, which, when sufficiently Japanized, became known as the Kano school. The Yamato-e school continued to exist side by side with the other.

In a similar way the Tosa school, derived from the Yamato-e, which became the Sumiyoshi school in the Tokugawa period, declined through official patronage and hereditary orthodoxy. As the Tosa and Sumiyoshi artists confined themselves to painting Imperial Court manners and life at Kyoto, so the Kano masters did not dare go beyond the routine subjects of Chinese genre, landscape, or figures. All lost the originality of their ancestors, had no courage to put their prestige to a test on new themes, and only sought ease in their patrons' ignorance of the past. But the people in general, whose conditions of living had become improved by a long continuance of peace, began to demand an art more popular and up to date. They took no interest in convention-ridden subjects and time-worn methods, were not satisfied with the lifeless toy-things of the aristocracy. Thus it was that the Ukiyo-e school of genre painting made its appearance in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and the art of color-printing evolved out of the wood-cut illustrations of popular novels and of picture-books for children. To be popular in price, reproduction was made easy through printing; to be popular in nature, everyday life was depicted: everyday life on the street or in the family, everyday scenes in the country or on the water; and finally a subject of everlasting interest was hit upon in the delineation of the stage folk.

At the opening of the Meiji era, after the Imperial Restoration of 1868, we find the various schools of art that are described above virtually dead. For a

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time there was no privileged or moneyed class to patronize artists or to revive the decaying art of the latter feudal days. Professional painters of all schools were thus submerged in the great social earthquake, until a sweeping wave of Westernization began to beat upon our shores after the Civil War of 1877, and the consequent consolidation of the modern régime. Material improvements and legal reforms were the first fruits of our intercourse with the West; but Japan did not wake to the real value of her own art until unduplicatable masterpieces had passed into foreign hands and Western critics had begun to urge us to preserve our national treasures.

A result of the revival of the old schools and the birth of a modern art was a sort of reaction against excessive Westernization. Hogai and Gaho were pioneers of this new movement in Tokyo, Bairei and Gyokusho in Kyoto. They stood for a legacy handed down from the tottering feudalism. They represented different schools of art, but equally shared in the hardships of unemployed life. Some of them resorted to the European style simply 'to earn their rice.' The pendulum at last swung back in the midst of a violent clash between Westernization and a 'National Purity Conservation Movement.' A Fine Arts Association was organized in Tokyo, while a local art academy was established in Kyoto. The first government exhibition of pictures was given at the new capital in 1882. The Educational Department appointed a Committee for the Investigation of Painting, and the members of this Committee traveled extensively in Asia, Europe, and America, in the interest of art and art education. National art-treasures are still being studied and catalogued.

Painting, whether in Japanese, Chinese, or European styles, felt a strong impetus after the Chino-Japanese War; the stimulus was even more salutary after the Russo-Japanese War. The institution of a Government Academy of Fine Arts, the nursery of modern Japanese art, was decided in 1886, and came into being three years later. Hogai dying in the previous year, Gaho represented the Tokyo masters in the school, while Gyokusho was invited from Kyoto to join its teaching staff. These painters did not try merely to transmit their respective styles of art to their pupils. They themselves evolved a new Japanese school. Its further evolution was wrought by their more prominent pupils, such as Kogyo, Kwanzan, Tiakwan, and Gyokudo, under the Tokyo master; or Hyakusui Somei, and others, under the Kyoto master. In Kyoto itself, Bairei produced from among his pupils such talented artists as Seiho, Hobun, and Kako; Shunkyo was trained by another painter.

But, it may well be asked, What is modern Japanese art, after all? Some painters still faithfully keep to the inherited traditions of the various Chinese and Japanese schools; others have added something new from the West to their methods and ideas; but a third set however different in their original training, have so completely assimilated the Western elements that they must be called as a group modern Japanese artists. These modern masters, of course, had to learn the techniques of the older schools, but they felt no need of clinging to any particular school. On the contrary, they freely copied the European art in the choice of subject and the composition of a picture. Oriental art of the past had rigidly limited itself to a Utopia, a land of imagination, or to symbolism; modern Japanese art proposes to arouse the spectator's interest by its mode of expression on a familiar theme of our daily life or observation. Eastern art

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the past, again, never depicted the sky or water or night-time as such — these merely entered into the composition of a picture. Modern Japanese art takes up such subjects to show its skill in the use of colors in a realistic manner. Eastern art of the past laid principal stress on refinement, dignity, self-composure, finesse, unworldliness, tastefulness, and other abstract qualities; modern Japanese art tries to appeal to the understanding and appreciation of the general public outside a small circle of critical lovers of painting. Some modern artists have gone the length of using European pigments in a Japanese way.

The whole tendency, is a word, seems to have been toward realism, at the very time that the West is showing signs of the adoption of idealistic or symbolical elements. And yet the realistic in our art is not identical with that of Europe; nay, the spirit of our modern art is still Japanese or Eastern, however much of Western influence upon some masters may be found in outward appearance. This peculiar spirit, emanating as it has from the personality and technique of the priest and literary artists of the early and latter feudal days, still expresses itself in the professional pride of not painting for vulgar appreciation or with the hand, and in the simplicity, *naïveté*, even childlike helplessness of the touches and strokes. After extracting what they can use from European methods and materials, certain contemporary painters are already aiming at the *multum in parvo* in their work, at storing a wealth of invisible contents in an apparently artless form. Our art-loving public, too, is progressing in the direction of finding and valuing the personality or thought of a painter.

SAKHALIN ISLAND: A FANTASY

BY ALFONS PAQUET

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, June 5*
(Radical Liberal Daily)

We entered the port of an island which the sailors identified by the saw-tooth profile of its mountains as Sakhalin. I landed, and came to a street in the town where a procession was passing, accompanied by music, flowers, and many flags. An elderly gray-haired man invited me to view this sight from the steps of a mahogany shrine. There I watched a throng of gay people passing, bearing branches of acacia blossoms, the undulating movement of which recalled the motion of our vessel. The marchers also carried gigantic spheres of gilded straw, and representations of animals made of gauze. They themselves were clad in bright-colored summery attire.

'What festival is this?' I asked with interest. 'Is the war over?'

'We've heard nothing of a war,' was the reply. 'We are the subjects of a prince whom we have never seen; but his power and wisdom we see every day in his commands. Our prince has forbidden his subjects to occupy themselves with foreign affairs.'

'Don't you then receive the latest news every day by wireless?'

'It used to be so, many years ago,'

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said the old man. 'Then they took down the mast, which had been erected on the summit of yonder mountain. It was burned, because it had served for spreading falsehoods, and its ashes were cast into the sea.'

'I supposed I was in Sakhalin!' I exclaimed.

'Certainly that's where you are,' replied my venerable companion. 'Why are you surprised? Join us in our festival to-day. It is in honor of our popular poets. Prizes are to be distributed to those who have written the best poems in our annual competition.'

A few others joined us, and we fell in behind the procession, which proceeded to a neighboring garden-crowned height. From this elevation I could look down on the sea and our vessel lying in the harbor. We were led to a gigantic pine, whose dense branches formed a thick canopy above us, and between whose drooping tassels we had a wide prospect over the surrounding country. Here we were served rice, lobster, roast chicken, candied flowers and fruits, and hot sweetened wine. They did me the honor, as a stranger, of seating me at the same table with the successful poets.

One of the latter was a railway official. He pointed out to me the beautiful, perfectly tilled plain which extended from the foot of the hill where we were seated. Pointing to another of the prize-winners, a young man scarcely more than a boy, he said: —

'The subject set for us was a short poem upon our mountain. I compared it with a song rising from a crowd of people. It seemed like that to me, lifting itself aloft from the dumb, stony, submerged underworld of the ocean. That boy called the mountain the throne of our invisible prince, whom he compared to the god of the air. An old woman, however, who earns her living gathering fagots, also received a prize. Her verses were merely a hymn of thanks to the mountain for the shade, for the flowers, for the fresh foliage, and for the dry twigs which it has so generously given her for sixty years.'

'What surprises me,' I said, 'is that this island is called Sakhalin. On the map your island is shaped like a pine-cone; but it looks from here like a round apple floating in the water.'

'Perhaps our island has changed in form somewhat,' said the railway official. 'Do you see that great dike extending far out into the sea? It blocks the Tartar Channel, and has given us another coast. Not only that, but it diverts the cold ocean currents, which used to bring us chill fogs and wintry rain; so we now have almost constant sunshine. More than that, it permits us to extend and cultivate that fertile plain at the foot of the hill, which is now the site of so many happy homes. Already the older children of the first settlers there are past school-age. Yonder young poet is one of them.'

So speaking he pointed out a little badge on the shoulder of the youngest prize-winner. It was a tiny silver spade. The boy himself remarked to me: —

'We shall always wear that badge as long as we live.' It was obvious that he was very proud of it.

'According to the accounts I have heard of your island,' I said, 'it is covered most of the year with snow, and its mountains are dark, gloomy places, clothed with virgin forests, the haunt of wolves. And — forgive me for saying it — most of us thought we knew that Sakhalin Island was a place where the worst criminals of a mighty empire were sent into banishment.'

My elderly companion replied: 'It used to be what you describe. You can hardly conceive what a few years of freedom from all political strife can do for a country. It is only a little more than twenty years ago since I myself

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was sent here, to be confined in chains for life, for committing highway robbery. My early memories are like a den of serpents. But now my fate has changed. I date my transformation from the day our present prince ascended the throne. I do not know just what events immediately preceded his coming into power.'

'But you are the happiest and, without flattery, the kindest and most likable people I have met for a long, long time,' I exclaimed.

'We are happy because the sun makes us so; and it would seem irrational to us not to be as kind and courteous to each other as we are to our guests, whom we delight to honor.'

'Of course you have driven out the wild savages who used to be the plague of this region?'

'The former dwellers on our island, who consisted only of desperate criminals and their armed guards, had at some earlier date expelled the aborigines, driving them far away into the Polar snow-fields. But we have invited them back to dwell in our midst, together with our former guards and wardens. To-day we are all friends and neighbors, and we have almost forgotten our former contrasts of condition. If you, sir, knew the different types of men who used to live on our island, and who were separated from each other by bitter prejudices and hatred, you would appreciate that our younger generation has begun to form a truly new race. By dwelling in peace and amity with each other we are growing more alike; just as by dwelling in hatred and conflict with one another in olden times, we were constantly growing more dissimilar.'

'Happy island,' I said. 'You must be right. Your unknown prince must be one of the wisest men that ever lived. It seems to me that he must possess supernatural powers, to convert men whom the world has hitherto regarded with horror into such happy and perfect beings.'

'To be sure,' said the old man, 'it was not entirely due to that great sea-dike, which we built at our prince's bidding. The temple which we erected at the same time on yonder lofty mountain should have part of the credit.'

'Do you mean that great white structure at the foot of the precipice?'

'Higher up.'

'Oh, that golden roof shining through the trees, half-way up yonder slope?'

'Higher up.'

'Is it that glittering point between the highest summits?'

'That's it. We call that light the radiance of the divine dewdrop. The temple really is resplendent inside with all the colors of heaven. Its shines brightest in the last hours of the night, just before dawn.'

'It is too bad that I cannot stay longer,' I said; 'but it's growing dusk and my ship will soon be leaving. Otherwise I should ask you to show me your temple, in order that I might describe it to my companions.'

'The temple is empty,' said the old man. 'You would find nothing inside except lofty windows of every possible color, and a great hall, whose inner partitions form smaller chambers. But these can be removed, so that all the colors intermingle. The red light from one of the windows awakens in the people exposed to it the quality of human love; the blue light fortifies their wisdom, and the golden light makes them gentle. Of course, all these colors are found in nature, and it is enough if we are truly receptive to them. We have, to name but a few examples, the red blossoms of the rose, the blue heavens, and the golden sun.'

Meanwhile, the people gathered on the hill had lighted their torches and were moving in a long column to the

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valley. Below, in a wooded glade lighted by many torches, athletic contests were being held. An impulse seized me to challenge my guide who, in spite of his gray hairs, was a powerful, athletic man. He laughingly accepted, and in a moment I found myself lifted into the air and thrown over his shoulder like a ball. Quickly springing to my feet, however, I succeeded in lifting my companion from the ground. Raising him like a bundle in my arms, I ran toward the shore, shouting that I wished to take him with me. He resisted desperately, and just before I reached the water I set him down, and springing aboard our ship, waved him farewell. The projecting remnants of an old fortress, which in its day had served also as a prison, protruded from the shore like the prow of a huge ship. A group of people gathered on its bastions, laughingly waving farewell to us with their banners and lanterns. Thus we last saw them as our vessel drew slowly out of the harbor, across a glorious silent sea, resplendent in the light of a full moon.

A PAGE OF VERSE

O HAND UNSEEN

BY EDWARD DAVISON

[*The Outlook*]

O HAND unseen be gentle and kind to me,
Touch me in desperate hour
When I forget thy guidance; though I be
Impatient of thy power,
Yet doth my heart elect
To turn along that way thou dost direct,
To meet the ultimate end,
Content on thee, thee only, to depend.

Wake me with urgent influence to the sun,
With Sleep's dark summit past;
And when the happy morning is begun,
Be visible at last.
Descend in mantling light
Below the clouds, till I behold thee bright
Where thou dost intervene
And bless me with thy peace, O hand unseen!

COUNTESBURY

BY WINIFRED TASKER

[*The Times*]

THE heather must be blooming on Countesbury hill,
The gorse a glowing beacon on all the Exmoor height;
O gold and purple shadows! I dream of you at nights,
Here in the lonely darkness, when every wind is still.

By day the Lynn is silent, and her insistent song
Is lost in louder music, by deeper voices drowned;
For wind that blows through cities has magic in its sound,
The merry wind of pleasure that whirls the hours along.

But when great stars come gleaming and Lynmouth softly lies
Low in the lovely valley, lulled by the Devon sea,
Those far-off wistful voices float all the miles to me,
From Countesbury calling, under the midnight skies.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

AMERICAN BOOKS IN ENGLAND

LAST winter the United States sent so many musicians to London that 'the American invasion' drew comment from almost every critic. With the close of the musical season, the players have folded their instrument cases and silently stolen away from England, but the winter of American music has been followed, during the spring publishing season, by American books in almost equal numbers.

Several causes have combined to produce this result. The best account of them is given by Mr. Arthur Waugh, who (displaying the American influence in his own vocabulary) declares in *The Daily Telegraph* that the literary invasion is 'all to the good.' Mr. Waugh writes: —

> As a rule, contemporary American literature has taken some time to penetrate into the insular strongholds of Great Britain; but this year, whether it be because it seemed cheaper to import foreign manufactures than to pay the demands of English printers, or because recent political and social relationships have aroused a new interest in the American point of view, it is, at any rate, certain that transatlantic literature has been flooding London bookshops, and that some of the most provocative books of the season have come to us from overseas. An invasion of this kind is all to the good, always; under present conditions it happens to be particularly stimulating. For no one can venture far to meet this fresh, importunate appeal without realizing that the intellectual life of America is very alertly waking up, that changes of mind and taste are developing over there with astonishing rapidity, and that something very like a literary revolution is in the air.

Among these books the most provocative of controversy — as might have been expected and probably as was intended — is Mr. H. L. Mencken's volume, *Prejudices*, devoted mainly to criticism of his contemporaries. In the London *Morning Post*, a conservative journal which gazes with saddened dismay upon the present generation and most of its works, the reviewer bursts into almost lyrical praise of Mr. Mencken. This writer, who is all too evidently uplifted in heart at the American critic's assault upon 'The Late Mr. Wells,' and 'The Ulster Polonius' (this being the discourteous appellation bestowed upon Mr. Bernard Shaw), ends his article: 'What a master of the straight left in appreciation! Everybody who wishes to see how common sense about books and authors can be made exhilarating should acquire this delightful book.' He entitles his review 'Straight Lefts.'

That is, doubtless, one way of looking at the matter; but Mr. H. C. Minchin, writing in the *Sunday Times* has quite another. 'This book is a deplorable exhibition of bad temper and bad taste. It is a sign of the times.' Mr. Minchin heads *his* review — 'Prejudiced!'

Mr. A. B. Walkley, in an article on 'The American Critic,' characterizes Mr. Mencken's writing on dramatic subjects as 'notable work,' but complains that although 'serious, well-informed, and thoughtful,' he seems to feel bound to 'indulge in a style which tends to be a trifle too "smart."'

Perhaps as a sort of antidote to Mr. Mencken, another publisher has brought out Professor William Lyon Phelps's *Essays on Modern Dramatists*, a book nicely calculated to drive the caustic author of *Prejudices* into a fine

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frenzy. Professor Phelps's new volume leads the Manchester *Guardian* to comment on the interest in modern drama existing in the American universities, as contrasted with those of England — the same observation that Mr. William Archer made while in the United States last winter.

> Whatever American dramatists are doing [says this writer], there is no doubt that America is interested in modern drama. There are chairs of drama at the universities, book follows book of criticism, and the use by schools of the texts of modern plays is as familiar to an American educationist as it is startling to an Englishman who, at school, never heard of a dramatist later than Sheridan. Professor Phelps has the first quality of a critic, admiration, and it is comforting that of six dramatists selected for his praise three are British.

In the London *Bookman*, 'F. H.' writes of *Edward Bok, an Autobiography:* —

> For its wealth of reminiscence, its sound business advice, its shrewd common-sense philosophy, its revelation of a remarkable personality, and the deep human interest of its narrative, this book of Edward Bok's is at once a source of entertainment and of the best good counsel.

The English edition has an introduction by Lord Northcliffe. The famous publisher writes: 'I cannot think of any book which I should recommend people to read for so many and such different reasons,' and declares it to be '*the* autobiography of our time.' One wonders whether his Lordship ever read *The Education of Henry Adams*.

American fiction of the last year or two is also of great interest to British readers. Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise* has been published in Collins's 'First Novel Library,' and the general tendency among English critics is to regard it as a promising first attempt. The *Daily Herald's* reviewer observes: —

> The outstanding quality — and defect — of *This Side of Paradise* is its evident ambition. Ambition in a new writer is healthy, but, so long as it is evident, he has failed. Compared with the majority of novels which the publishers pour out week by week, this (as are others of Collins's first novel series) is a refreshing draught of energy and enthusiasm. Mr. Fitzgerald has something to say; but he has not yet quite learned how to say it.

The *Westminster Gazette* dubs Mr. Fitzgerald's book 'another of these clever novels of youth,' and declares that American youth seems to be 'even more self-conscious and egotistical than our own.' The *Gazette's* critic finds that 'the importance and solemnity with which college conversations and love-affairs, beginning at thirteen and involving the poems addressed to Amory's various beloveds, are treated, is sometimes a little exhausting, but there is an energy and freshness about all which is as engaging as youth itself.'

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's new story, *Mitch Miller*, has succeeded his *Domesday Book*, a novel in verse modeled on *The Ring and the Book*, which most English critics declared to be a fairly good novel but very bad poetry. *Mitch Miller*, in which Mr. Masters imitates Mark Twain, as he previously followed Browning, is being more favorably received. No English critic has yet commented upon the extraordinary catholicity of Mr. Masters's taste in selecting his models. The *Daily Telegraph's* literary critic finds the book not merely an amusing account of the adventures of the American boys, Skeeters and Mitch, but also a message which echoes Lincoln: —

> America is in a bad way; the world is in a bad way. The whole heart is faint, the whole head sick. The waste of young life is lamented; the worship of the almighty dollar is denounced; true and equal justice is demanded. But while agreeing with this necessary new message, which yet is very

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old, let us part with Mr. Masters in thanking him heartily for the acquaintance of two jolly young imps of mischief.

Two other American novels are receiving attention in England. One of them is Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Spy*, in which *The Observer* finds reminiscences of Charles Reade, and of which it remarks: —

It is many years now since Charles Reade, following the example of Charles Dickens, turned to propaganda under the guise of fiction. . . . Mr. Sinclair has never written a story which had a purely artistic motive; but he has never, hitherto, not even in *The Jungle*, reached Reade's level, and in some of his books, such as the novels on marriage, he sank beneath any sort of serious consideration. *The Spy* is the more welcome. It is a restrained, careful, and sober indictment of the methods of the American police and business interests in their attack on the 'Reds.' How far the indictment is accurate cannot be discussed here; but Mr. Sinclair gives some facts in his appendix for some of the chief horrors of his story.

Mr. Sinclair Lewis, the author of *Main Street*, is now in England, where he expects to spend a year unless the climate becomes sufficiently inhospitable to force him to seek refuge in Italy. His novel, which has recently been published by Hodder and Stoughton, is still one of the most successful books of the English season. Under the title, 'The March to Main Street,' G. K. Chesterton devotes to it a long review in the *New Witness*, in which he contrives, with the usual display of verbal pyrotechnics, to lay the whole of Carroll Kennicott's woes at the door of the industrial system. Among other things he says:—

One of the first topics on which I heard conversation turning in America was that of a very interesting book called *Main Street*, which involves many of these questions of the modern industrial and the eternal feminine. It is simply the story, or perhaps rather the study than the story, of a young married woman in one of the multitudinous little towns on the great central plains of America; and of a sort of struggle between her own more restless culture and the provincial prosperity of her neighbors. There are a number of true and telling suggestions in the book, but the one touch which I found tingling in the memory of many readers was the last sentence, in which the master of the house, with unshaken simplicity, merely asks for the whereabouts of some domestic implement; I think it was a screw-driver. It seems to me a harmless request, but from the way people talked about it one might suppose he had asked for a screw-driver to screw down the wife in her coffin. And a great many advanced persons would tell us that the wooden house in which she lived really was like a wooden coffin. . . . I think the lady might be more contented in her coffin, which is more comfortably furnished than most of the coffins where her fellow creatures live. Nevertheless, there is an answer to this, or at least a modification of it. There is a case for the lady and a case against the gentleman and the screw-driver. And when we have noted what it really is, we have noted the real disadvantage in a situation like that of modern America, and especially the Middle West. And with that we come back to the truth with which I started this speculation: the truth that few have yet realized, but of which I, for one, am more and more convinced — that industrialism is spreading because it is decaying; that only the dust and ashes of its dissolution are choking up the growth of natural things everywhere and turning the green world gray.

*

A GREAT SPANISH AUTHOR, COUNTESS BAZAN

Countess Emilia Pardo Bazan, who died in Madrid a short time ago at the age of 78, was one of the most widely known of Spanish writers, her works having been translated into many languages long before Vincente Blasco-Ibanez began to attract attention. At a time when the learned lady was still looked upon in Spain with no dis-

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coverable approval, Countess Bazan achieved a reputation as novelist, historian, critic, and scholar. She is said to have written more than two thousand short stories, besides a number of historical works, books of travel, and one severe criticism of French society, which caused no little displeasure in France, coming as it did from the pen of a friend of Hugo, Daudet, Zola, and Anatole France.

As a lecturer she has never had an equal in Spain. She was the first woman to draw an interested audience at the Madrid Athenæum, and ultimately won official recognition, being appointed to the chair of modern literature in Madrid University. The students showed their disapproval of a woman's occupancy of the professorial chair by absenting themselves from all lectures. During her academic career she had but one pupil, to whom she delivered her lectures, until his death caused her academic career to end for lack of pupils.

She was of aristocratic family, and supported the Pretender, Don Carlos, with her money and her pen. Even after Alfonso XII had ascended the throne, she dared visit Don Carlos in exile.

*

TWO LITERARY PRIZES

THE Lady Northcliffe Prize, awarded by English and French committees for the best work of imagination published in France during the year, has been given to M. Raymond Escholier for his *Dansons la Trompeuse;* and the Hawthornden Prize, for a work of imaginative literature by an English author not over 41, has been awarded to Miss Romer Wilson for her *The Death of Society.*

Books submitted for the Lady Northcliffe Prize are first passed upon by the French committee, which chooses three books. From these the English committee makes the final selection. The other two books this year were *L'Héroïque Pastorale* by Louis Vuillemin, and *Le Retour d'Ariel,* by Léon Thévenin.

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, writing of M. Escholier's prize-winning book, says in the *Fortnightly Review:* —

Dansons la Trompeuse, is one of those satisfyingly perfect little works of art about which, when one has read it, one feels no desire to say anything except that it is a beautiful little book. 'Story? God bless you! It has none to tell, sir.' It is a picture of a little patch of this peopled earth, a little set of human beings, all vividly alive because painted with that intuition, that warmth of imaginative sympathy, which alone can give the artist power to create life.

The *London Mercury* points out editorially that the Polignac Prize, the predecessor of the Hawthornden, was awarded to four authors who have since achieved distinction, Messrs. John Masefield, James Stephens, Ralph Hodgson, and Walter de la Mare; and suggests that the conventional gibes at prizes in literature are by no means justified.

The value of literary prizes has always been disputed [says the writer], but, for ourselves, we believe in them. Well bestowed, they may give both encouragement and advertisement to writers when they most need them. They may, in some instances, if they are sufficiently substantial, be a direct and obvious help; and even where this is not needed, they may, by virtue of the approval they connote, stimulate creation and, by virtue of the publicity that they bring, advance by several years the general recognition of an author's merit. It is frequently argued that prizes always must go to the wrong people; that no body of judges will ever have a liking for, or anything but a distaste for, a work of genius; and that prizes wrongly bestowed are worse than none. These arguments appear to us, not merely futile but demonstrably false.

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